HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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"HELP! HELP!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1884.

"A perfect treasure-house of good prose, poetry, and pictures."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 26, contains Chapters XVI. and XVII. of "The Ice Queen," by ERNEST INGERSOLL, *and two charming short stories,*

"LONG ACRE POND,"

by JULIA R. HILDRETH, *illustrated by* WELDON, *and "Billy Barton and Central Park," illustrated by* CULMER BARNES.

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes an interesting article on "Barnacles," illustrated;* ELLA RODMAN CHURCH *gives an entertaining account of some ancient "Shrove-Tuesday Customs"; and* SHERWOOD RYSE *recommends to the boys the somewhat novel sport of "Snow-Skating.*

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REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

A LETTER in the *Times*, dated in Washington, discusses carefully and plainly several possible Republican candidates for the Presidency. In its remarks upon Mr. EDMUNDS, which are not especially friendly, occurs this sentence, "Politicians are not going to make a man President who will not serve them." This means, of course, mercenary politicians. But is it not tolerably clear that in this election a candidate who is distinctively known as the politicians' candidate would be the weakest of all candidates? Nothing is more obvious at this time, when the election of delegates to the National Convention is about beginning, than the reluctance of the friends of any candidate to have it understood that he is the man of the machine. It was totally different four years ago. The machine was then absolutely imperious and intolerant, and the New York branch of it undoubtedly went to Chicago convinced that its opponents would not dare at the last moment to resist its commands. The years 1880, 1881, and 1882 were as impressive years for the Republican machine as the years 1872 and 1873 for the Democratic TWEED Ring. If it has learned nothing, it is incredibly stupid. It would doubtless be generally conceded that if the result at Chicago this year should be an evident machine victory, the prospects of success at the polls would not be improved, and, on the other hand, that a nomination which was known to represent independence of the machine would be the strongest possible nomination.

The *Times* probably has no doubt that the President is the candidate of the New York machine, and is probably convinced that he could not carry the State. It holds doubtless with its correspondent that Mr. EDMUNDS would not be in any proper sense a machine candidate. We presume, therefore, that in the actual situation in this State, it would consider Mr. EDMUNDS to be the stronger candidate of the two for New York, and for the reason that he would be more acceptable to the large and resolute body of independent Republican voters, some of whom might perhaps support Mr. ARTHUR as an alternative, but all of whom would certainly support Mr. EDMUNDS. This is equally true of other States. The feeling which at the last National Convention expressed itself so strongly and pointedly in the rule for district elections to this year's Convention is by no means spent, and he will be the strongest candidate who is universally known to be selected, not by a few bosses and State machines, but by the actual preference of the party. We have no doubt that Mr. EDMUNDS is at this time the sober preference of the party as an inflexible Republican of spotless personal character, of unquestionable political record, of conceded ability, and of prolonged public experience, who, without trimming or demagoguery, is identified with no faction, and while sure to command the full party vote, would be entirely acceptable to independent voters. The statement of the correspondent of the *Times* that the feeling for him is chilled because he is believed to favor Mr. ARTHUR may be true of certain political quidnuncs in Washington, but it is certainly not true of those voters in the country at large who favor the Senator's nomination. He may think, as many Republicans think, that the President has held so safe and conservative a course as to make his nomination judicious. But that is not a view which would change the opinion of any sensible Republican who prefers Mr. EDMUNDS, and thinks him to be a candidate who would be much surer of election. Mr. EDMUNDS is obviously not seeking the nomination, and perhaps does not really desire it. But he is much too wise not to hold with Mr. LOWNDES that the Presidency is neither to be sought nor declined.

It will not be forgotten that the result of the election is not a foregone conclusion. The Presidential election is decided by States, and much the larger number of States have Democratic administrations. Even Ohio has elected a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Senator; and although New York rallied marvellously from the great defeat of 1882, it nevertheless elected Democratic State officers. Moreover, as we have often said, the Democrats will not raise the tariff issue. They will depend for success upon public willingness to change the party of administration after so long a term as that of the Republicans, and upon their alleged short-comings and extravagancies. They will count also upon industrial depression and the want of a real issue. The vote is likely, therefore, to be close, and every element of strength must be considered and included in the Republican plan of campaign. If the politicians of whom the *Times* speaks are to have their way, they will imperil the party. They would make a mistake which, in the light of the last four years, they would have no excuse for making, if they should suppose that anybody whom they could contrive to nominate would be certainly elected.

THE COPYRIGHT DISCUSSION.

THE discussion which has been occasioned by Mr. DORSHEIMER'S International Copyright Bill has elicited a very proper correction of certain current misapprehensions in regard to the treaty which has been under consideration by the State Department. Messrs. HENRY HOLT & Co. and Mr. S. S. CONANT have pointed out that the circular which supported the proposed treaty was, in good faith, an authors' circular, prepared, as Mr. CONANT states, by Mr. HOWELLS, and not at the request of any publisher. It may be added that the expression of the views of the publishers as contained in the circular signed by them was due to the proper desire of the State Department to know the opinion of the publishing interest upon a question so important to it. The advantage of the negotiation upon the basis of the proposed treaty was that the treaty, waiving the question of abstract right, was a practical measure upon which interests usually supposed to be in conflict were agreed. It was accepted, with all reservations, as the best attainable arrangement at the time.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. say, in reference to the DORSHEIMER bill, that if it "meets with the approval of the majority of Congress, we shall rejoice that this very important question is at last settled, and we think that this will also be the feeling of most of the publishing houses of this country." They are undoubtedly correct in this statement, and also in their denial of the publishers' opposition to the DORSHEIMER bill. But the condition mentioned by Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. is very significant, namely, if the bill meets the approval of Congress. A bill may, indeed, become law. But although it may begin as the DORSHEIMER bill, which is, upon the whole, accepted by both authors and publishers, it is by no means sure to end as the DORSHEIMER bill. The Secretary of State writes that a simpler solution of the question than a treaty is an amendment of the present copyright law admitting a foreigner to the privilege when it is made reciprocal in his country. But this remark merely opens an inquiry into methods.

Is it more probable that a judicious arrangement upon the subject will be made by a promiscuous debate in Congress than by the conference of a few persons selected for the purpose? We have been inclined to think that when English and American authors and American publishers were agreed substantially upon a certain measure, not as recognizing the absolute right of authors—which the laws of neither country recognize—but as a satisfactory measure of present relief, there was greater probability of securing it by treaty than by Congressional debate. We have no pride of opinion in the matter, however, and we are entirely willing to see the debate justified as a surer and speedier method of securing the object in view. Yet until there is some proposition to recognize the rights of authors in a very different way from that of the statute of ANNE, or the decision in England, or the Constitution of the United States, we trust that the discussion will be kept where it belongs, upon the ground of expediency. Mr. HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, has written a brief pamphlet, in his clear and forcible manner, to show what may be called the high protective view of the question. Mr. LEA agrees with MACAULAY that copyright is a monopoly which is to be regulated in the interest of the state—a doctrine which, however disagreeable to authors, and which, in the offensive sense of monopoly, we certainly do not admit, is nevertheless substantially the constitutional doctrine in this country.

GORDON AT KHARTOOM.

IF anybody supposed that General GORDON was going alone to Khartoom in order to declare relentless war upon El Mahdi, he was suddenly and completely undeceived by General GORDON'S proclamation recognizing El Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, and remitting certain taxes, and still more by his apparent countenance of the slave-trade. Nobody, indeed, had the right to suppose that General GORDON was bent upon a hostile course. The British government has opposed the conquest of the Soodan. Its object has been to sustain Egyptian authority in Egypt, not to support Egyptian aggression. Its fault has been that it miscalculated the amount of military force necessary for this purpose, and it is now rapidly repairing this error, and it is doing all that any government could do.

The order of General GORDON in regard to the slave-trade, as Mr. GLADSTONE said in Parliament, can not be correctly understood until its precise terms are known. The London *Times* explains that as England controls the ports on the Red Sea from which the slaves are shipped, and as General GORDON himself has checked the supply of slaves from the Congo country, the proclamation is a mere form of words. Another and more probable explanation is that GORDON has announced that his present mission does not concern the slave-trade, and that the announcement is made because, while in no degree promoting the slave-traffic, it will hasten the pacification of the country. If, indeed, it should appear that he has actually encouraged the idea that England would renounce her active hostility to the slave-trade, General GORDON would not only have discredited his own previous course, but he would probably have overthrown the GLADSTONE government, which would, however, strenuously disclaim his action. Any opinion of importance upon this subject must necessarily be based upon later advices.

The Egyptian question, which is a very difficult one, is one of the legacies of the Jingo administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The bitter denunciations of Mr. GLADSTONE proceed from the old Jingo sentiment, which includes intense personal hatred of the Prime Minister. To that sentiment, whatever he says is hypocritical, and whatever he does is wrong. But the possible alternative of a Tory administration in England must be contemplated by the country with dismay. The Tory leader in the Peers, the cynical Lord SALISBURY, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in the Commons, give assurance of a dismal interregnum should the GLADSTONE ministry be defeated. But the conviction that English prestige has been seriously wounded would produce an indignation that would not stay for an answer, and would suddenly overthrow the best government that England has known for many a year, and which is peculiarly necessary for her true interests at this time. The majority for the GLADSTONE government on the vote of direct censure was large enough to show that while there may be some dissatisfaction among the Liberals with some aspects of the policy of the cabinet, it is by no means enough, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, to justify the House in giving a blank check to Lord SALISBURY. Indeed, if matters go wrong in Egypt it is not because Mr. GLADSTONE wraps anything in mystery. The course taken is the course that the House approves, and whatever fault may be found with the delay, nothing would be now gained by committing it to other hands.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

THE postal telegraph bills have been presented, and eminent advocates have been heard in committee on all sides. The constitutionality of a government use or erection of a telegraph seems not to be seriously contested. The reasons for it which were urged last summer at the time of the strike are as strong and pertinent as ever. The objection that telegraphing is not a proper business for the government is pointless when it is conceded that expressing and letter-carrying are its proper business. Indeed, the true doctrine upon this subject is not theoretical, but practical. The question of any particular proposition of government aid is one of expediency, like that of the Ohio relief the other day. With our race and its traditions this will always be so, and the limited and proper functions of government are questions of political casuistry which practical statesmanship will disregard. JEFFERSON, the father of this speculative school, bought Louisiana without law or constitution, because he wisely thought it to be expedient for the common welfare. In the same way the government carries merchandise and books and letters, for reasons of the highest public expediency.

The public expediency must be incontestable, however, and that is the ground upon which Mr. EDMUNDS rests his plea for a government telegraph. "It seems to me for the best interests of the country that any appliance with which its welfare is so intimately connected as is the instantaneous transmission of intelligence should be subject to no censorship, to no corporate man's will, to no question of how it is going to affect stocks, or the standing of corporations or of persons, but it should be free to all men as the Post-office is, and subject to no more espionage than the Post-office." He said, also, that, in connection with great social questions and the increasing aggregation of wealth under corporate control, the government should undertake the business independently, subject to no contracts or arrangements with other parties. As the present company or companies would not think of complaining if a new company should be organized, so they could not complain of the government rivalry. It would be the object of the government, of course, as in the Post-office, with due regard to its purpose, to place the service upon a paying basis.

Two objections have been offered to this scheme. One is that, as the government telegraph would be offi-

cered and served by adherents of the administration at the time, it would be very unfair to expose all the telegrams of the opposite party to their observation. The remedy for this trouble is very simple. It is the extension of the reformed system of the civil service to the management of the telegraph, and this Mr. EDMUNDS proposes. The clerks would then be honest and efficient agents of the public service, and not adherents of the administration. The other objection is that the management of the telegraph would involve an immense increase of patronage. The remedy for this trouble is the same. The reformed system puts an end to patronage in its offensive sense. Government control of the telegraph is the only measure which the country can at once adopt against the recurrence of a disaster like that of last summer. Tribunals of appeal for differences of opinion between employers and employés require the assent and co-operation of both sides. But government control of a postal telegraph, like control of the carriage of letters, newspapers, and parcels, is a remedy at hand and practicable, and it is one which the country is apparently willing wisely to apply.

THE LASKER RESOLUTION.

THE return of the LASKER resolution, under any pretense whatever, is a great impertinence. It is not, however, an incident to disturb diplomatic relations, although it may exasperate feeling, and any attempt to exaggerate its significance is as foolish as BISMARCK'S folly.

It is unfortunate that the moral value of the resolution was impaired by describing Herr LASKER as a member of the Reichstag, which he was not. This blunder indicated that the resolution was drawn and passed by the House without exact knowledge of the facts. Consequently it did not have an air of sincerity, but of that political and perfunctory purpose that is known as buncombe. Probably not a twentieth part of the members of the House who voted for the resolution knew anything whatever of Herr LASKER, even if they had ever heard of him, or of his significance in German politics. The resolution belonged to a bad class—which includes Mr. HEWITT'S O'DONNELL resolution—declarations which are adopted without thought or knowledge, and which are intrinsically false in the sense that they are chiefly intended, not for their ostensible purpose, but to produce a political effect at home.

The LASKER resolution was upon its face an expression of respect for a private German citizen—such a resolution as the German Reichstag might adopt in honor of the memory of WENDELL PHILLIPS. If the Reichstag should decline to receive it, it would be an act of flagrant discourtesy. And if some prince, or count, or other person, should intercept it upon its way to the Reichstag, the interference is a matter for the Reichstag to deal with. There is no root of difficulty between the countries in the affair; but it would not be without its benefit if it should teach Congress not to pass resolutions which show that they are drawn without adequate knowledge or with an ulterior object, and which therefore invite neglect, or contempt, or hostility.

CAPTAIN MILLER.

SECRETARY FOLGER was not melted by the rhetoric nor moved by the logic of Solicitor RAYNOR, and very wisely decided that if Mrs. MARY M. MILLER was found upon examination competent to command a steamer upon the Mississippi, a steamer she might command. Mrs. MILLER was duly examined, and satisfied the inspectors of her competency, and they thereupon issued to her a regular captain's license. Captain MILLER took the oath, and the great question is thus peacefully settled.

Does anybody suppose that this transaction involves any injury to the sphere of woman, to the relation of the sexes, or to the good order of society? The question is always argued as if there were an irresistible tendency upon the part of women to break away from the natural limitations and occupations of sex, and as if laws were necessary to restrict them to being women. It is indeed impossible to show in any country or at any time such a fell determination of the female sex. But the piteous argument still pleads on, Don't, for Heaven's sake, take down the bars, or women will cease to be women.

Those who share this sad apprehension should now watch closely, and see how many misguided young women, who might have adorned the German and afternoon teas and the opera-box, and have shopped daily for diamonds at TIFFANY'S, will now, in consequence of the reckless permission of Secretary FOLGER, take to commanding tug-boats in the harbor, and shipping as first-class sea-women at the offices in South Street.

REFORM IN BUFFALO.

THE first competitive examination for appointment in the municipal service of Buffalo was held a few days since. The position to be filled was a clerkship in the office of the City Engineer, and the examination seems to have been directed to the most obviously proper subjects, and to have been conducted in a wholly satisfactory manner. The number of applicants who presented themselves was fifteen, among whom were three ladies, one of whom was among the first to complete the answers to the examination.

The character of the examiners was the guarantee of perfect good faith, and it is ludicrous to suppose that this method of designating the probably fittest person for the place is not superior to that of certificates from a ward committee, or a nod from a boss. If the Engineer knows any young man or woman whom he thinks peculiarly fitted for the position, he has only to take care that the person makes application, and then the Engineer will have the opportunity of seeing in advance the comparative probability of the superiority of his favorite. Should he be among the three highest upon the list submitted, the Engineer would undoubtedly appoint him, but any one whom he selects finally obtains the place, not by reason of the result of the examination, which serves to baffle political and personal influence, but he is appointed because of a subsequent successful probation of two months.

The examiners in Buffalo mention one very desirable result of the examination, which is not often considered. The eligible list upon which are entered the names of those who have successfully passed the examination is a list of young men and women who have demonstrated their intelligence and capacity for a certain grade of clerkly service, and employers of all kinds would find the list most useful. A similar result has been reached in England, where the young women who have received certificates of proficiency at the University examinations have a great advantage over others in securing clerical positions. Buffalo is the home of Governor CLEVELAND and of Commissioner RICHMOND, and its Civil Service Reform Association is one of the most vigorous and efficient in the country.

DE LONG AND HIS COMRADES.

THE latest of the arctic heroes, DE LONG and some of his brave comrades, will have been laid to rest in their native land with solemn obsequies when this paper is issued. If any doubting observer should be disposed to ask, as he reads of the sacrifice in the lonely and silent polar sea, *cui bono?* he must remember that every example of unselfish devotion is an inspiration to heroic endeavor, and that the influence of brave consecration of life is not to be measured by material, immediate, and calculable results.

To seize the secret of the pole is to some temperaments an irresistible impulse, and if in the pursuit the extremity of human endurance and even death are encountered with the tranquil courage which belongs to the highest manhood, the lesson is not lost, and humanity is richer for the daring.

It need not be feared that the honors paid to DE LONG will tempt young men to rash and perilous and purposeless enterprises, nor supposed that denunciation of the polar voyage as folly and a wanton challenge of fate will deter those who delight in danger. The long story of arctic voyages is one of the most terrible and the most fascinating in literature, and not the least touching chapter in it will be that which tells of the tragedy of DE LONG and his comrades.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE annual report of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum states that the total value of the property is $676,571 89, that there is no debt, and a small balance in the treasury. But, on the other hand, the accumulation of works of art is very much larger than the present building can accommodate, and the income is not large enough for a proper discharge of the duties of the Museum in its present condition, much less for its necessities in the immediate future. The Museum needs a larger building and an endowment which will secure an adequate permanent income.

The report naturally refers, and in a temperate tone, to the attacks upon the Museum and its director which have been lately the subject of a celebrated lawsuit. The trustees say:

"The members and officers of the Museum have one plain duty, to be themselves assured of the verity and correctness of the instruction they give to the public. In this we have always had the aid and advice of the ripest scholarship and most thorough experience in Europe and America. If the people to whom we offer instruction are prevented from receiving it by those who lack this aid and experience, which are our safe reliance in the conduct of the Museum, we can only regret it."

And the allusion to the subject concludes as follows:

"The jury's findings, made February 2, 1884, sustained the entire integrity of the CESNOLA collection, established the baselessness of each and every one of the charges, and vindicated the director from the absurd accusation that he, the discoverer of the Cypriote antiquities, had made fraudulent objects and deceptive restorations. Inasmuch as during the progress of this trial the director has been subjected to violent attacks on his private as well as his official character, the trustees deem it their duty, as it is their pleasure, to place on record here a hearty assurance to him of their unchanged and cordial confidence and esteem."

The acquisitions of the Museum during the year have been valuable and interesting. Mr. W. H. HUNTINGTON has given a unique collection of works of art, busts in bronze, porcelain pottery, and other materials; paintings, prints, engravings, medallions, and medals, specially referring to WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and LAFAYETTE. The THORNE collection has been also added to the Museum; and the devise of Mr. WILLARD will add a large and very valuable collection of architectural models, casts, photographs, engravings, etc. Mr. MARQUAND, to whom the Museum is already greatly indebted, has again signalized his generosity by a costly gift of a multitude of fac-simile reproductions of beautiful works in metal, a duplicate of the Kensington collection. The Museum is already one of the most interesting institutions in the city, and it is constantly increasing in interest and value.

PERSONAL.

A FASHIONABLE *restaurateur* near the Fifth Avenue has discovered a new cure for a distressing disease. On his printed bill of fare he announces that his ice-cream is highly recommended for "three essential qualities"—its purity, its cheapness, and its efficiency "as a relief for dyspepsia, in facilitating digestion."

—A distinguished citizen was about to sign a contract for building a new house, when his wife, to whom he was much attached, and who had interested herself deeply in the plans thereof, was gathered to her fathers. "Alas!" thought the architect, after reading in the newspapers the notice of her death, "the job will fall through, he will not have the heart to proceed with it." But the morning after the funeral the citizen called and said, "Go right ahead, and make it just as she would have wanted it." The architect is much impressed with "this beautiful tribute to her memory."

—A New-Yorker who paid a dollar and a half to be taken in a cab from Union Square to the Grand Central Depot, and only twenty-five cents to be taken in a cab from a railway depot in Boston to his hotel—the distance in the two cases being about the same—has acquired some respect for the Hub.

—Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, author of *Academy Notes*, said while in this city that the London artists are awaiting with eagerness the passage of the proposed bill abolishing the duties on works of art imported into this country, and that as soon as the bill becomes a law they will empty the contents of their studios into the hold of the next steamer that leaves for New York.

—"For the last five or six years," observed a distinguished American architect, "I have been occupied almost exclusively with public buildings. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the private houses I have erected. My temper in consequence has become comparatively sweet, for nothing is so trying to an artist's soul as to be subjected to the æsthetic whims of charming women who desire his professional service."

—A metropolitan man of letters, whose bodily frame is not covered with a superabundance of flesh, has designed a model for a railway car, and intends to apply for a patent. Its chief feature is the plenitude of its upholstery, and its sole purpose to make comfortable the importunate bones of a seated thin man. No such car, he declares, is at present in existence.

—It is announced by a leading authority in the far West that "the fashionable thing in female beauty is ashes-of-roses complexion, with a slim waist."

—At a surprise party given recently in Binghamton, New York, "the fun was greatly enhanced" by the aid of masks and fancy costumes. "With fun, music, dancing, and other recreations," according to a local reporter, "a pleasant interval was passed; and then when masks were removed, and the identity was established, the fun grew fast and furious." It is needless to add that the company separated "at a late hour, having spent a most delightful evening."

—The Emir of Bokhara, in Toorkistan, receives his visitors in a robe of rose-colored velvet studded with precious stones. He is gracious in his manners, but his reception-room contains no furniture, and its floor is covered with European carpets. His favorite gifts to the most distinguished guests are beautiful horses.

—JULIA HATCHER, of Marnhull, near Salisbury, England, has received a medal for her bravery in rescuing a boy who was being tossed and gored by a bull. The presentation was publicly made by the rector of the parish, the Rev. R. B. KENNARD, described as "the well-known breeder of short-horns." Mr. KENNARD, after praising the girl's courage and self-devotion, said that in risking her own life she had "established the most characteristic principle of Christianity."

—"When I was at Constantinople," remarked the Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, "I had a conversation with a Turkish pasha, who said that the female slaves were treated with exceedingly great kindness in Turkish families, and that their morals were looked after much more satisfactorily than those of female servants in any European communities. I did not entirely agree with him."

—The climate of tropical Africa is deadly to white men. At four missions recently established in that country more than twenty white missionaries have died within the last five years, and almost every month news comes of severe illnesses; but during the whole of that time the colored missionaries from this country have been able to live and work there. Lord SHAFTESBURY uses this fact to support the late Rev. ROBERT MOFFAT'S assertion that "Africans must go to teach and save Africans."

—The most adroit smugglers in the world (Americans homeward-bound on Liverpool steam-ships excepted) are the smugglers of the St. Gothard Tunnel, who carry tobacco in hollow loaves of bread, and coffee and jewelry in hollow cabbages, pears, apples, potatoes, wheelbarrow handles, and bedstead legs. The custom-house officers do their best, but confess that the women smugglers, by reason of their keener wit and more voluminous garments, are often too much for them.

—The course of "International Exhibitions" does not always run smooth. The buildings for the exhibition at Nice are erected upon land formerly little better than waste, but now enhanced in value by the roads laid out, the trees planted, and the gas and water pipes introduced. Accordingly, the opponents of the exhibition charge that the affair was promoted by members of the city government who own the land.

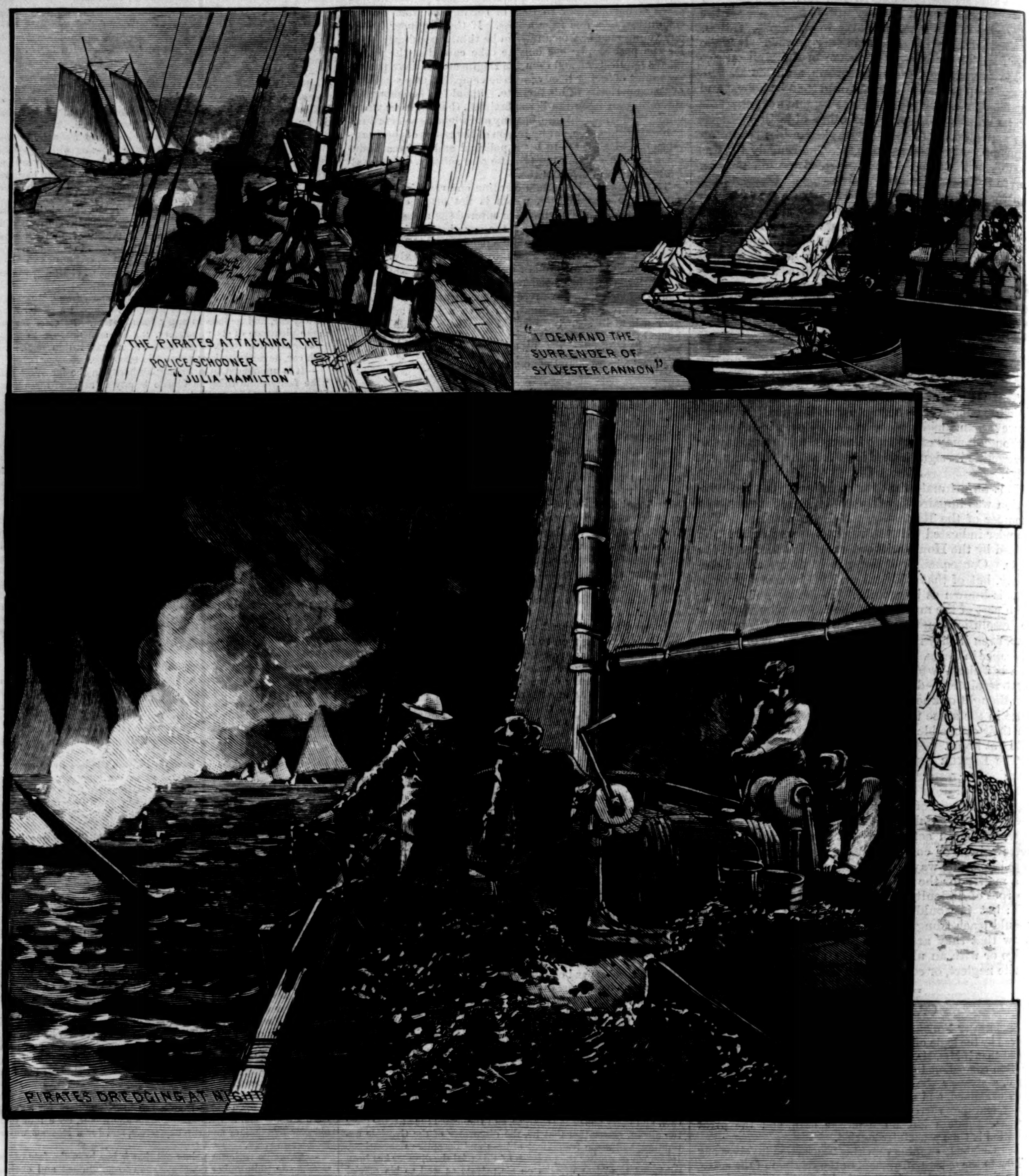
—The Emperor of Germany, now in his eighty-eighth year, is not the only oldest inhabitant. On his hunting trips he frequently meets some hale old pensioner who fought in the war of liberation or marched against the French at Waterloo. The severe military discipline of Prussia does not seem to shorten the lives of her subjects.

—The traveller in Russian Central Asia pays for a camel about thirty dollars, for a horse from seven to fifty dollars, for a sheep from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half, for a four-year-old cow five dollars and three-quarters, and for a luscious watermelon two cents.

—A foreign reviewer points out that it has been the fate of the pessimistic philosopher SCHOPENHAUER to be studied and exalted by those whom he had bitterly reviled. For women SCHOPENHAUER expressed boundless contempt. The tone of modern conversation had, he maintained, been hopelessly lowered by the free admission of women into society, and it could only have been in a paroxysm of madness that men had given to the "short-legged, narrow-shouldered sex" the epithet of "fair." Yet it was a woman, Miss HELEN ZIMMERN, who made him the subject of a book, and another woman, Miss ELIZABETH NEY, who produced the best portrait of him in clay. He abhorred WAGNER'S music and WAGNER'S principles; yet the Wagnerites claim that there exist between WAGNER'S musical system and SCHOPENHAUER'S philosophical system points of analogy sufficient almost to constitute an identity.

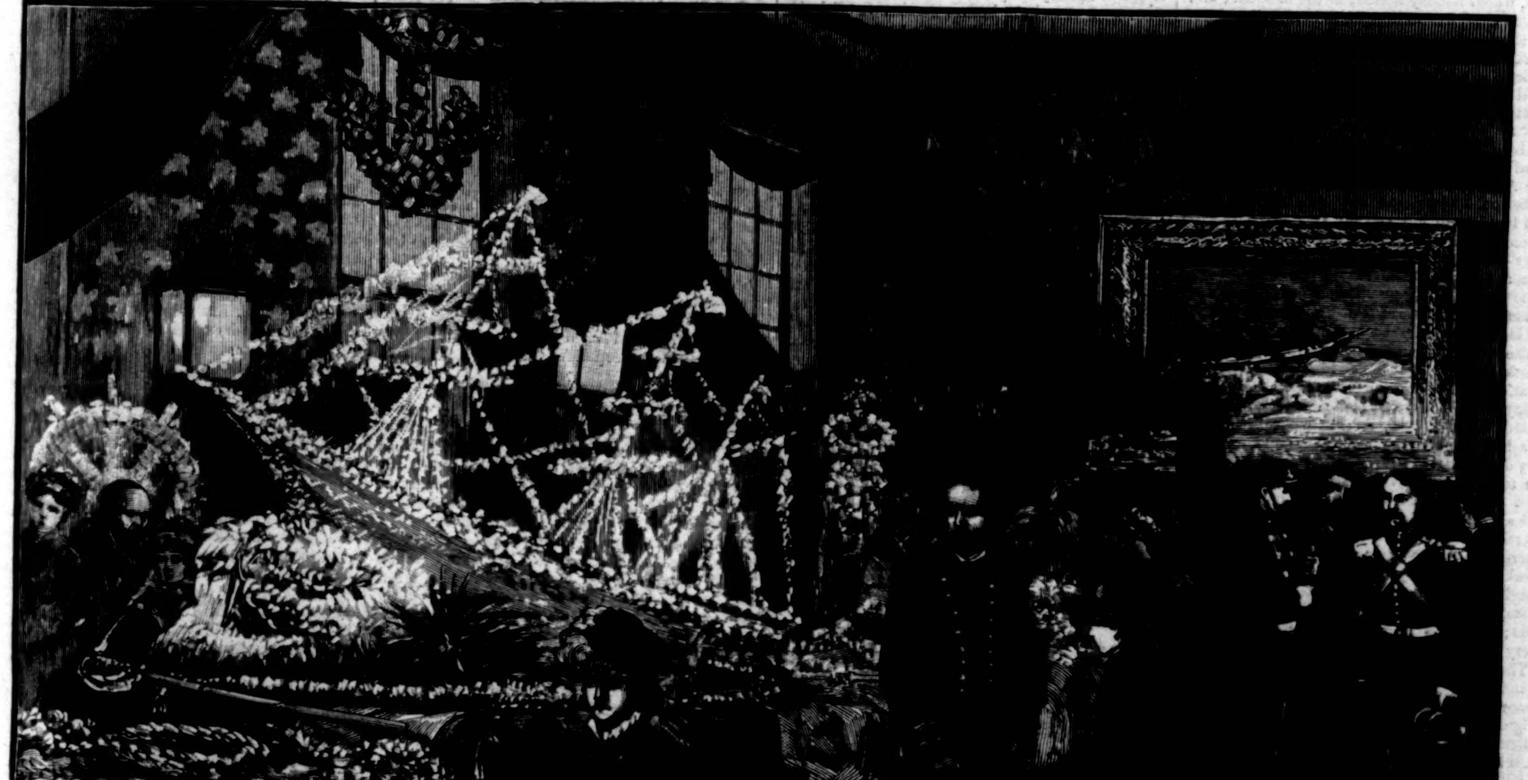
—The late Mr. JOSEPH R. BENJAMIN, who died recently in New London, Connecticut, in his seventieth year, is remembered in this office with affection and respect. For twenty years he filled a position in the composing-room of HARPER & BROTHERS honorably to himself and most satisfactorily to his employers.

—The principal reformer of the religion of modern India was RAMMOHUN ROY, who, through the study of the Koran, was led to a hatred of idolatry and polytheism. He admired the teachings of Christ, but refused to accept Christianity. One of his books was entitled *The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness*, and in the preface to it he wrote: "This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate man's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has originally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which He has lavished over nature, and is also so well-fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and society, that I can not but hope the best effects from its promulgation in its present form." Nevertheless he took his stand on the Vedas as the word of God divinely inspired, and therefore infallible.



THE OYSTER WAR IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 138.]

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.



THE BODIES LYING IN STATE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY—LAST HONORS TO THE DEAD HEROES.

CATO'S SONG.

"Cato, have you quite forgotten
How you used among the cotton
Still to sing some pleasant strain?"
"Laws, miss, I can sing again."
And the clear voice clearer rang,
As he swung his hoe and sang:

"Ef you wants de purest water,
Jist go up de mountain-side,
Whar de riber start his running
Down to catch de great sea tide.
Ef you want de reddest roses,
You will find dem nodding high,
Whar dem catch de blessed dew-drops,
Whar dem see de morning sky.

"Would you eat dem sweetest peaches,
Juicy, red, or yellow bright,
Den you hab to climb up fur dem
Whar dey grow right in de light.
Ef you seek true friend or lober,
Upward too de road you take:
Hearts should neber trabel downward,
Else dey mighty apt to break.

"Ef you look fur fame or glory,
You must climb up wid a will;
Fur 'tis jist de same old story—
Up, and up, and upward still.
We am born down in de valley,
But if heart and feet don't tire,
We can still be going upward,
Upward, higher, higher, higher.

"Higher! higher! higher! higher!"
And at every cotton hill
Well and swift he did his hoeing,
Singing louder, clearer still,
Till I heard the echoes ringing
In my spirit brave and strong,
Till I homeward turned me singing,
Singing over Cato's song.

THE ROMANCE OF AUGUSTA MURRAY.

VIRGINIA AND ITALY, 1774-1792.

Virginia society just before the Revolution was a brilliant affair. Men and women seemed to enjoy themselves in a spirit of abandon, as if they foresaw that the time was coming when there would be little enjoyment. Now and then the traits of the epoch culminated in particular incidents; we see the actors, share their emotions, and are surrounded by the actual atmosphere. This atmosphere the historians will not paint for us, much less the incidents, which are beneath the dignity of history.

One of these incidents is here outlined. It was a very brilliant pageant of the forgotten old times, and has the further attraction for the lovers of romance that it is connected with a curious history. Among the actors was a girl of eight, whom nobody noticed at the moment; and yet this child was to become the wife of a prince, and the possible mother of a line of kings.

In April, 1774, the good city of Williamsburg, in Virginia, was in enormous commotion. A great social event had just occurred, and this event the society reporter of the *Virginia Gazette* chronicled after the following fashion:

"Last evening the Right Honorable the Countess of Dunmore, with Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray, and the Ladies Catherine, Augusta, and Susan Murray, accompanied by Captain Foy and his lady, arrived at the Palace in this city, to the great joy of his Excellency the Governour, and the inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction of the inhabitants, who made a general illumination upon the happy occasion, and with repeated acclamations welcomed her ladyship and family to Virginia."

The enthusiasm of the modern reporter was foreshadowed in this fine paragraph. The joy is great, the pleasure inexpressible, the occasion happy, and the ladies are welcomed with repeated acclamations. They seem to have deserved it. Her ladyship the Countess of Dunmore was a very different person from her forbidding spouse, the testy official covered with decorations, who kept the impulsive Virginians at arm's-length, and scowled at them from his "Palace" behind his red-coated guards. According to Gouverneur Morris, she was "a very elegant woman; she looks, speaks, and moves, and is, a lady." As to her daughters, the young Honorables Catherine, Augusta, and Susan, they are "fine, sprightly, sweet girls; goodness of heart flashes from them in every look."

The coaches containing the whole party move grandly along the great thoroughfare of Gloucester Street; the windows blaze with lights; bright smiles reply to the hurrahs, and his Excellency, it seems, ought to relax, and respond gratefully to the public rejoicing.

He does not respond, or even exhibit much pleasure, when the enthusiastic Virginians determine to offer him a supreme courtesy, a public "assembly" in honor of the happy occasion. It shall be a brilliant pageant, and the *élite* of society shall welcome the ladies. All is arranged, and the time is fixed for the last of May; but unfortunately an event takes place which threatens to mar the general joy. The wrong-headed people of Massachusetts have actually rebelled against the best of governments. They will not pay a trifling tax on tea to his Majesty's exchequer, and have proceeded to such lengths as to throw some chests of it overboard in Boston Harbor. Thereupon the Virginians declare that the act closing the said port is a blow at the liberties of America; that they will use no tea henceforth; and they fix a day for fasting and prayer to avert this oppression.

His Excellency Lord Dunmore then forgets the fine illumination, the inexpressible joy of the Virginians, and the repeated acclamations. He orders the Burgesses to appear before him, and when they obey he dissolves the House. They shall go home, and cease their treasonable proceedings—he is master.

Under these inauspicious circumstances one would suppose that the project of offering his Excellency and the ladies a ball would be abandoned. But the Virginians held to their resolution. The fine assembly should take place still. If war was to follow peace, one should go out and the other come in to music, and the music began. On the night succeeding the dissolution the capital blazed with lights; the finest representatives, men and women, of the fine old society attended *en grande tenue;* the Governor entered, and was received with profound respect, the ladies accompanying him with bows and smiles; the minuets bowed through their long mazes, and the night passed in that "fine revelry" so passionately loved by the joyous old society. About a year afterward the times had changed. There was no more bowing and smiling. His Excellency had seized the colonial arms and powder, planted cannon in front of his palace, and when Patrick Henry marched to attack him, he hastily left the capital. The elegant Lady Dunmore and her fine sprightly daughters were very unnecessarily hurried into their coach, as if the Virginians were ruffians; the carriage traversed Gloucester Street, the scene of the grand illumination, and the forlorn ladies, mother and daughters, took refuge on board an English man-of-war.

These incidents are related briefly, since they are well known. What is not so well known is the after-life of one of these "fine, sprightly, sweet girls," who had been so much pleased with their Virginia reception. This was "the Lady Augusta Murray." At the time, according to the best accounts, she was about eight years of age, and what is known of her afterward fully agrees with the amiable character attributed to her by Gouverneur Morris. She was beautiful as a woman, and no doubt a sweet and attractive child. After the flight of the family from Williamsburg she never returned to the place; and after some months, during which Lord Dunmore's ships laid waste the banks of the Chesapeake, she was sent in one of them to New York, and thence home to England. When she re-appears upon the stage she is a beautiful woman, and has inspired an English prince with such passionate love that he declares he will kill himself if she does not marry him.

This ardent lover was Prince Frederick Augustus, sixth son of the King. He was about nineteen, and was travelling in Italy, where he made the acquaintance at Rome of Lady Augusta Murray, the child who had fled from Virginia eighteen years before. She was now about twenty-six, and not only beautiful, but full of "endearing qualities." Lady Dunmore was residing in Rome, and as a person of the highest quality was visited by the most distinguished representatives of English society who came to the city. The Prince came with the rest, and his romance with Augusta Murray duly followed. It seems from the very first to have been a passionate affair, in which the lover threw all reserve and moderation to the winds. He was not yet twenty, of delicate health, and enthusiastic in temperament. He paid his addresses with ardor, inspired the young lady with an attachment similar to his own, and proved the strength of his love by declaring that if she would not become his wife he would put an end to himself.

We are able to trace the steps in this curious love history in the letters of the lovers which have been preserved. They are extravagant, but in delightful contrast, from their truth and honest feeling, with the loose views of the relations of the sexes at the time. A genuine lover is passionately urging a good girl to become his wife; and though she loves him, she "refuses the proposal, showing him the personal disadvantages he will draw on himself." He is an English prince, and the marriage will excite the King's displeasure. This displeasure will be visited on *him;* and as his happiness is dear to her, she will not marry him. There is nothing to show that this was the device of a coquette designed to increase his passion. He had been urging her for four months, and the extent of his infatuation is shown by this paper, which he wrote and placed in her hands:

"On my knees before God our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, that I will take thee for my wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, to love but thee only, and no other; and may God forget me if I forget thee."

At last the young lady yields and consents to a private marriage. An English minister in Rome is to perform the ceremony; but the lady warns her lover that she will owe nothing to any sentiment on his part but love. "My own beloved Prince," she writes, "forgive me if I am warm upon this. I wish you to feel you *owe me* nothing, and whatever I owe you I wish to owe to your love and to your good opinion, but to no other principle." Still the passionate affair drags, and the lady persists in holding back. Then the enamored Prince quite loses his head, and bursts forth into extravagant protestations and rather comic threats. He has fasted for two days, and exclaims, "By all that is holy, till when I am married *I will eat nothing*. I am resolute. Nothing in the world shall alter my determination. I must be married or die! Oh, Augusta, my soul! let us try; let me come. I fear nothing. What will become of me? I shall go mad, most undoubtedly!"

How to resist such a wild lover? The Lady Augusta catches the contagion, and instead of further opposing him, surrenders at discretion. Here is a specimen of the young lady's love-letters, which it seems a pity ever to have printed:

"My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you? And yet, dare I trust to the happiness your letter promises me? You shall come if you wish it. You shall do as you like. My whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. To be yours to-night seems a dream that I can not make out. The whole day I have been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I am what you will. Your will must be mine, and no will can ever be dearer to me, more mine, than that of my Augustus, my lover, my all."

So the English clergyman came on the sly, and, unknown to Lady Dunmore, the lovers were married. The mother did not know that she had a royal son-in-law for months afterward, and seems to have had nothing to do with the affair from first to last. Of the Lady Augusta's sincerity in the whole transaction there appears to be no doubt. She was some years older than the Prince, but women of twenty-six who marry youths of twenty are not necessarily schemers. And the step was dangerous; there was the English Marriage Act, which declared void such marriages without the consent of the sovereign. Miss Augusta Murray thus ran a great risk, and had many unhappy trials to endure, which she must have foreseen.

The old King fell into a rage when the Prince came to England and bravely presented *his wife*. Steps were taken at once to declare the marriage void, and the Court of Arches did so declare it. It was said that the young husband wrote to the King, offering to relinquish his contingent claim to the throne if his marriage was sanctioned. It is certain, at least, that he acted like a gentleman, and refused to give up his wife under any circumstances. He "vehemently protested" that he would not accept the decision of the Court of Arches or of anybody, and he remained firm in his resolution to the end. The result was a species of compromise. The affinity of the lady to the royal family was finally recognized. The son of Augusta Murray, Sir Augustus D'Este, was to succeed to the crown of Hanover in the failure of male issue of the King and the Duke of Cumberland. But from all this nothing resulted. This son and his sister, the only children of Augustus and Augusta, died; and in 1830 the mother died also, at about the age of sixty-four.

It had been a curious and pathetic career, in which the heroine of the story had been entitled, it would seem, to the sympathies of all honest people. She had not entrapped the Prince, only yielded to her own heart. Everybody respected her, and denounced the English Marriage Act as a monstrous wrong. To presume to annul a formally solemnized marriage by act of Parliament was stigmatized as a gross enormity, and in the eyes of the people of England Augusta Murray was the lawful wife of the Prince Frederick Augustus. That conviction might have had important results under certain circumstances. The son of this marriage was a possible King of England, and the "fine, sprightly girl," who had so much pleased the Virginians in 1774, had before her the possibility of being a "queen-mother."

J. Esten Cooke.

POACHED OYSTERS.

The annual war between the State of Maryland and its refractory oystermen has broken out with signal force and fury. When the oystermen can reap their bivalvular harvest with as little trouble in the waters that are free as in the waters that are forbidden, it appears they do so. When the wild crop, so to speak, falls short, they invade the preserves, against the peace and dignity of the people of Maryland, and the statute in such case made and provided, and this is a bad season. Love laughs at locksmiths. It is difficult to believe that a man who gets his living catching oysters with tongs can laugh at anything. But in point of fact he does laugh at the laws of Maryland; and indeed the bard who sang "Carry me back to old Virginny" has chronicled his delight in his occupation, and told melodiously how he

"spent the live-long day
A-raking among the oyster beds;
To me it was but play,"

or words to that effect. This year Maryland has risen in her might, not this time to spurn the Northern scum, but to avenge the ravishment of the preserved oysters which had been reposing in secluded creeks "under the protection of the law and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence," with a touching confidence in the Legislature which higher organisms can never attain. The piratical navy consists of some twenty-five or thirty oyster boats, of about ten tons each, and as like each other as so many peas. In order to make detection still more difficult, the crews are reported to smear the sails with mud, so that new cloths shall not betray them, and to array themselves in weird and wonderful garments. Apparently they are only liable to arrest when found actually engaged in dredging. If they are simply sailing the forbidden waters, they are yachtsmen taking their pleasure and carrying oyster tongs for bric-à-brac. When they are taken in the act of pulling up the wards of the State, they run into shallow water, if the pursuer be a steamboat, and subsequently emerge with an innocent air, and disguised in the wonderful garments which baffle identification. When they are pursued by sloops, they make for the Virginia waters, into which the writs of Maryland do not run. As their boats are always fast, by the same wonderful provision of nature by which a smuggler always outsails a revenue-cutter, a slaver a man-of-war, and a pickpocket runs away from a fat policeman, they commonly gain their refuge, and grin defiance upon their baffled pursuer.

This year the navy of Maryland has been put upon a war footing by the borrowing of two 6-pounders from the Naval Academy for two of the oyster boats of war, and a determined pursuit of the poachers has been undertaken. Emboldened by immunity, the poachers laid in shotguns and revolvers. It need hardly be added, considering that they were organized to resist the laws of an American State, that they have also relied upon their political "influence" to make sure that the commander of the State navy should look where they were not, and not where they were, as if they had been the business books of an eminent financier. In this reliance they have heretofore been justified. But this year the navy has been put under the command of a "theorist," who acknowledged no obligations to "the boys" who chose to break the laws which he absurdly assumed that it was his business to enforce. And, besides, the boys really presumed on their privileges by not only dredging with graceful candor under the guns of the navy, but also by assaulting the crew of a man-of-war which attempted to interrupt their proceedings. So that, even if the theorist had been a machinist, he would have been compelled to defend his flag, and to show the poachers of Maryland, as has lately been shown to the liquor dealers of New York in the person of Mr. McGlory, that there are lengths to which even a "boy" can not go with impunity.

A general engagement took place on Sunday, February 10. The government squadron, in making its way to the forbidden water, encountered a line of sloops loaded to the gunwale with oysters presumably poached, and were fortunate enough to find two sloops busily at work engaged in a simultaneous breakage of the eighth and fourth commandments, and the statutes of the State of Maryland passed to enforce the same. The sloops were confiscated, and the crews locked up to be dealt with according to law. The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the whole business of oyster-poaching.

THE MYSTERY OF SNAKE-CHARMING.

The Eastern snake-charmer of to-day is only half a fraud. Among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians the secret of snake-charming by music has been held for ages in superstitious reverence as a power only to be acquired by enormous study, backed by supernatural favor. In India instances of music attracting snakes are very numerous, and the ordinary serpent-charmer relies upon the wide-spread belief in the power of melody to obtain some credence for the feats he affects to perform. As a general rule, it does not matter to the charmer that upon the premises where he operates a snake has never been seen, for he sits down to pipe, and in five minutes has captured in various corners of your room a dozen reptiles; indeed, if he could only have carried more concealed about him, he would have caught more. The sleight of hand with which the trick is performed constitutes its only claim to admiration. So notorious is the deception that the snakes, when caught, are never killed, as being the private property of the charmer.

The favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. In most cases the charmer, however, has rendered the reptiles perfectly harmless by drawing their poison-fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, however, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forth-coming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. Then, in the handling of the creature when once exposed, there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure or sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility. The snake-charmers, however, when put upon their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and, before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. It is the same thing with the ichneumon or mungoose. For a long time it was believed that poison could not hurt a mungoose, until one was held while a cobra bit it; then the mungoose died in about four minutes, and it is only by superior agility that he can overcome the cobra in fair fight. And as in the case of the mungoose, the snake-charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots, and snake-stones. There can be no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake-charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.

The Oriental has an inexhaustible appetite for entertainment, and provided it can be seen for nothing, and sitting, he will squat all day before a puppet-show. That the exhibition in question is a stale one matters nothing, and the same performer is therefore certain of a welcome as often as he chooses to come. This partially explains the extraordinary popularity of the snake-charmer's entertainment, for though, judged on its own merits, it has little in it either to arrest attention or to evoke admiration, the tubri-wallah's performance commands at all times an interested audience; for of all the many castes or tribes which pretend to power over the serpent world, the Sanyis, or tubri-wallahs, constitute the chief Indian snake-charming guild. He is, as a rule, a wild-looking creature (the snake-charmer), with his yellow cloths all fluttering about him, and his hair arranged in a strange confusion of coils and wisps, under and among rags of the same color—the professional hue—as he struts into a village piping on a reed stuck into a gourd, while his assistant, a small, unkempt morsel of human-

ity, labors in his wake, with a box of mysteries and a basketful of wonders.

Arrived at the well, the couple seat themselves, and the villagers collect to see the show. But first the performer has to insure some payment—a meal and a night's lodging at least—and this arranged satisfactorily, the proceedings begin. The same stupid old toothless cobra is hustled out of its basket, picked up and dropped a hundred times, as if it were a dangerous thing, and then, with a boisterous ostentation of pluck and dexterity, finally seized by his neck, half throttled, and thrust back into his bag. This wonderful feat, enacted over and over again, with precisely the same "business" and pantomime, constitutes the first part of the entertainment, and then the wonder-worker proceeds to "charm." The old cobra, sick to death of what it has come to consider ill-timed foolery, is once more jerked out from the bag, and while the magician plays upon his execrable pipe the poor battered reptile lifts a foot of its length off the ground, and, distending its hood, sways gracefully to and fro in time with the music. The master now requires no stick to keep his pupil at work, for it is evident that the cobra enjoys the melody, and that its motions are voluntary and naturally sympathetic. But except as an illustration of the power of music over the dreadful thing, the second part of the entertainment is as dull as the first.

There can be no doubt, however, that the terrific power given by nature to venomous snakes invests them, even for the most intelligent, with extraordinary interest; and any performance that requires the handling of them must have a corresponding excitement for others besides native villagers. In his fearless manipulation of the deadliest species the tubri-wallah has a certain claim to respect—the same claim as have all exhibitors who, for the entertainment of their audience, trifle with sudden death. Yet as regards the supernatural power they profess to have over the creatures which they torment and play with, there is hardly another imposture even in the East, the home of impostures, so inadequately supported by performance. The parade of fangless worms is absurd enough, and in the never-failing crop of reptiles to be gathered by the pipe-player from among the furniture of a room or the shrubs in a garden there is only food for laughter.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE HEALTH OF CITIES.

THE health of cities is a subject that grows in interest every year. We have at last caught the idea that diseases may be prevented, and that sickness is often only a proof of the want of common-sense, and hence in all great cities there is a constant labor to provide for sanitary reform. In most American cities it is sought for by an abundance of water, more or less pure, poured on to the streets by aqueducts built upon the plan of the Romans, by careful drainage, and some effort to enforce cleanliness and general prudence. It is quite probable that American cities to-day are far healthier than in the days of Washington and Adams. Philadelphia was a centre of fever and almost plague in the time of Franklin and Charles Brockden Brown. New York was never healthy. It was swept by the yellow fever, scourged by malaria. It was encircled by swamps, and drank brackish water. There was no careful record kept in those days, but we may be sure that the death rate was excessive, and that the harsh medical practice of the day swelled the number of the victims.

New York has shared in the sanitary progress of the larger cities of the world, and is less unhealthy than it was fifty years ago. Its swamps have been drained, its water is pure, its situation admirable for all the works of sanitary reform. Its physicians are less severe in treatment, its medicine oftener exercise and air. Its people have learned something of the art of caring for their own health. And yet the records of disease and death show that the metropolis of the New World is left behind in the sanitary course by several cities of the Old. The carelessness of its city government sometimes converts it into a centre of disease. Uncleanly streets, unpleasant odors, a scanty supply of water, defective drains, vice, ignorance, neglect, sweep away old and young, but do their work chiefly among children. Infant life is always precarious; it requires pure air and gentle nourishment. In summer, and even winter, the noxious gases and deadly miasma of our crowded and neglected quarters are chiefly active in destroying the lives of children. Some improvement has been made within the past two or three years; some reform is granted to the cry of the indignant people. But the fact still remains that our death rate is excessive, and that even Boston and Philadelphia are more careful of the lives of their citizens than New York. Even London, crowded and squalid, is before us. It is computed by Sir J. Bazalgelle that twelve thousand lives have been saved annually in London alone by the sanitary reforms of the recent period.

It is to the working classes, the industrious and thriving, that this neglect of sanitary precautions comes with the most painful results. Disease and death rule in the crowded neighborhoods. But it is from thence that they are borne to the homes of the wealthy, and thus the carelessness of the civic authorities brings grief and disaster to all classes alike. It is the interest of all to unite in demanding from the city officials new and almost undivided attention to the health of the people. Here we have an aim worthy of the labors of all; a party pledged to such an object would be certain to obtain a general support. Every parent and every honest man would vote for the candidate who promised health and life to the family and home.

The science of health is one that is in its infancy. The lingering barbarism of the past still covers cities and nations with disease. Cholera is nurtured in the foul water of Upper India, plague in the rags of the Syrian beggar, and yellow fever in the tainted harbors of Mexico and Cuba. But they have been banished from cities and countries where they once raged at intervals. The plague no longer visits Amsterdam, nor the yellow fever New York. New Orleans, since General Butler's purification, has been less malarious. There is an evident progress. The plagues that swept over the corrupt and uncleanly cities of antiquity have no parallel in our day. At Rome in the time of the Antonines ten thousand persons died in a day. The plague of the Middle Ages sometimes exterminated all the people of a city. China has known seasons of pestilence when myriads perished. These were the results of ignorance. The free schools of modern days have taught cleanliness and banished disease. Free thought is the parent of health, and we may well look forward to the time when the people of our cities shall select as their rulers or their servants men who can give their chief attention to the care of the public health.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SPORTS AT THE CARNIVAL.

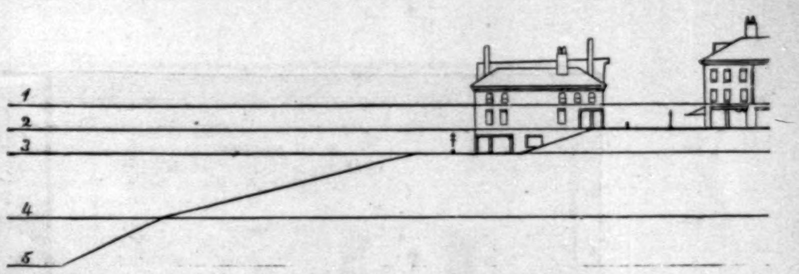
A NEW-YORKER'S idea of a carnival is apt to be associated with the interior of a building like the Academy of Music, but our Canadian brothers' idea is not so pent up. The late Montreal Carnival, which, as far as we know, produced but a single though very deep regret—namely, that an untimely thaw should have attacked the ice palace—was characterized by a profusion of outdoor sports of a manly and wholesome sort, which our artist has depicted in the spirit that animated them; and we sincerely condole with a multitude of our readers who would have liked to be there, but could not, especially with those whose hereditary sympathies are warm for tobogganing and curling. The "Welcome" inscribed upon the triumphal arch of one of the principal streets of Montreal has proven a "Highland welcome" to many thousand guests; and the delegation of New-Yorkers who shared in it were loath only to leave the festivities with which it was attended.

THE HEDGEHOG.

As he yawns and stretches his short legs for the first time since last year, the hedgehog's appearance in spring is not prepossessing. He resembles a spadeful of garden rubbish more than anything else. For one advantage of the spiky nature of his clothing is that, before taking up his winter-quarters, by rolling in heaps of leaves he can annex a considerable quantity of extraneous matter, which serves as a blanket during his retirement. His nest, moreover, is as substantial and as ill-ventilated as a railway tunnel; and thus he makes shift to remedy Nature's negligence in supplying him with a mere suit of needles for winter wear. Poets and rustic legends, with their keen eye for observing exactly those things in Nature which do not exist, credit the hedgehog's nest with the properties of an almanac:

"Observe which way the hedgehog builds her nest
To point the north, or south, or east, or west;
For if 'tis true that common people say,
The wind will blow the quite contrary way."

Therefore you have only to wait in spring until the hedgehog explains, by walking out of his circular domicile, exactly which point is to be considered the "front," to be able to foretell the direction of the prevalent winds of the last winter. The practical use of the knowledge is obvious. But this is the only good thing the poets have to say about the hedgehog. Its voice—which is perhaps not unlike the sound of a person snoring or breathing hard—has given almost universal umbrage to literature, being "easily mistaken for the moaning of a disturbed spirit." Those who are familiar with disturbed spirits would no doubt see the resemblance at once. Shakespeare, too, had a great idea of the hedgehog's terrible voice. He estimates that "ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, would make such fearful and confused cries as any mortal body hearing it should straight fall mad," and the horrifying climax of the witches' incantation was the second "whine" of the hedgepig. Shakespeare, however, was a poet, and followed the lamentable rule of that guild in borrowing his predecessors' similes of animals and birds, with the usual lamentable results. An urchin with him was something a little less supernatural than "ouphes" or fairies, just as a nightingale, a phœnix, and a "night-raven" were so many stuffed figures of speech. Of the real creature he knew absolutely nothing; but if Shakespeare had possessed a back garden, and had placed a hedgehog there to eat the snails, he would perhaps have acquired some practical knowledge of the noise a hedgehog can make. The hedgehog's normal pace is about three miles an hour. On a gravel-path it sometimes attains a still greater velocity, and on these occasions the astonishing way in which its splay-feet scatter the pebbles about in its nocturnal "spurts" after beetles would lead a stranger to imagine that three men and a boy were trying to catch a runaway horse in the garden. Calculated upon this basis, the noise of ten thousand hedgehogs, even without the "swelling toads," would have given the poet a practical idea to work upon without falling back upon the urchins' "fearful and confused cries." The gravel-path, indeed, seems to be the special province of the hedgehog. There Gilbert White "loved" them, because they ate up the plantain roots which disfigured his neat walks, though he admitted that their excavations were more extensive than the occasion required. This qualified praise, however, is all the good that has hitherto been recorded of the hedgehog. His whole history is a libel, and his very name an insult. He is no pig, but the relic of an ancient family, and his alleged connection with Beelzebub rests on little else than malicious conjecture.



1. Highest water, 71 feet ¾ inch. 2. Front Street level, 61 feet. 3. Rat Row level, 51 feet. 4. Usual or average level, 22 to 23 feet. 5. Low-water mark from which measurements are taken. The lowest water stage known was 1 foot 11 inches, in 1881.

SCALE OF WATER HEIGHTS AT CINCINNATI.

THE OHIO FLOODS.

SEVEN great snow-storms, five great rain-storms, and an extraordinary rise of temperature have combined to make the Ohio floods this year considerably superior to their predecessors of 1883. At Cincinnati, on the 14th of February, the Ohio River had arisen seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch above low-water mark; and a map of the inundated districts would show that the area submerged is a great deal larger than that of last year; but as for the amount of human suffering entailed, who feels inclined to institute comparisons in the presence of so terrible a calamity?

The fortitude of the sufferers, however, has been remarkable; it has even expressed itself in humor. "Cincinnati," said an esteemed Cincinnatian the other day, "is the only great city in the world with seventy feet between high and low water marks. We are not inclined to be boastful of this, but the fact might as well be put down for what it is worth." People who feel like this when paddling in boats around their homes, to see how much furniture and how many weather-boards are left, are not of a kind to be daunted by adverse fate.

Of course the nearness of last year's floods had its influence upon the perspective this year; and even the sufferers themselves found less excitement in the calamity than was experienced twelve months ago. On Sunday, the 10th of February, three days before the waters came to a stand, though crowds of people were watching the river, the interest of the scene palled with repetition. "It seemed almost natural," said one of the spectators, "to see only the roofs peering above the level waters, like the Westerner's dug-out above the smooth prairie grass."

Our profuse illustrations this week suggest the devastation caused by these great floods in a manner that needs no commentary. Let us hope that next year the willful destruction of our forests will not combine with such uncontrollable causes as early freezing weather, unusual abundance of snow, and continued thaws accompanied by rain, to produce a recurrence of these disasters that so appeal to the sympathies of all.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEN two or three politicians gather together in Washington from remote parts of the Union, and do not register their names at the hotels in which they take rooms, it should be taken for granted that their visit "has no political significance." It used to be thought that these conclaves were not entirely unconnected with politics, but so often have the participants confessed destitution of political motives that it seems foolish to pursue a theory that has invariably led to disappointment.

Those in charge of one of the flood relief boats reported that the inhabitants of a partly submerged Ohio town asked first for the news, next for ropes with which to anchor their houses, and then for something to eat.

It now appears that Keeper Murphy, from whom the murderous negro Rugg escaped, was in very little danger. He was the only man who understood the firing of his remarkable pistol, so he would not have encountered the risk of being shot if the negro had seen fit to take it from him.

Chroniclers of social events in the metropolis have been complimenting the "pretty people" on their exceptionally good looks of late, and it has been suggested that the season of fog has had a beneficial effect upon complexions generally.

It is the verdict of an English journal of mechanics that "the American locomotive of to-day is one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism wrought out by the hand and mind of man."

A strange disease has been sweeping off the cats in some parts of Connecticut. The pets were taken with sneezing, and they wandered gloomily about the country roads, sneezing constantly day and night till they sneezed themselves to death. Catnip tea and other remedies could be administered only with considerable effort, since the afflicted creatures were shy, suspicious, and fugacious. It is estimated that in Windham County alone a hundred cats perished. In Bombay the government claims to have made the interesting discovery that the recent visitations of cholera were in some way dependent upon a cat disease. The discovery seems to rest upon the fact that the cats of Ahmednuggur were carried off by a plague two years ago, and that those of Sinos were similarly exterminated last June.

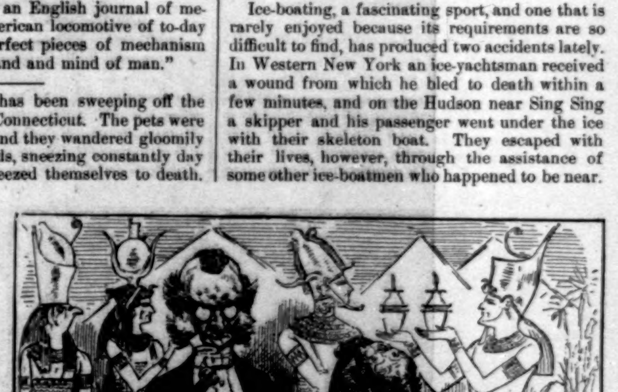
A hint or two as to old-time leap-year privileges and penalties may be found in the following, from a book printed two and a quarter centuries ago: "Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life that, as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have sole the privilege during the time it continueth of making love to the men, which they do either by wordes or by lookes, as to them seemeth preferable; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

In the course of their honey-moon week a Georgia couple killed and salted down one hundred and twenty rabbits. How many young couples there are right here in New York who have improvidently begun life without even a solitary rabbit salted down!

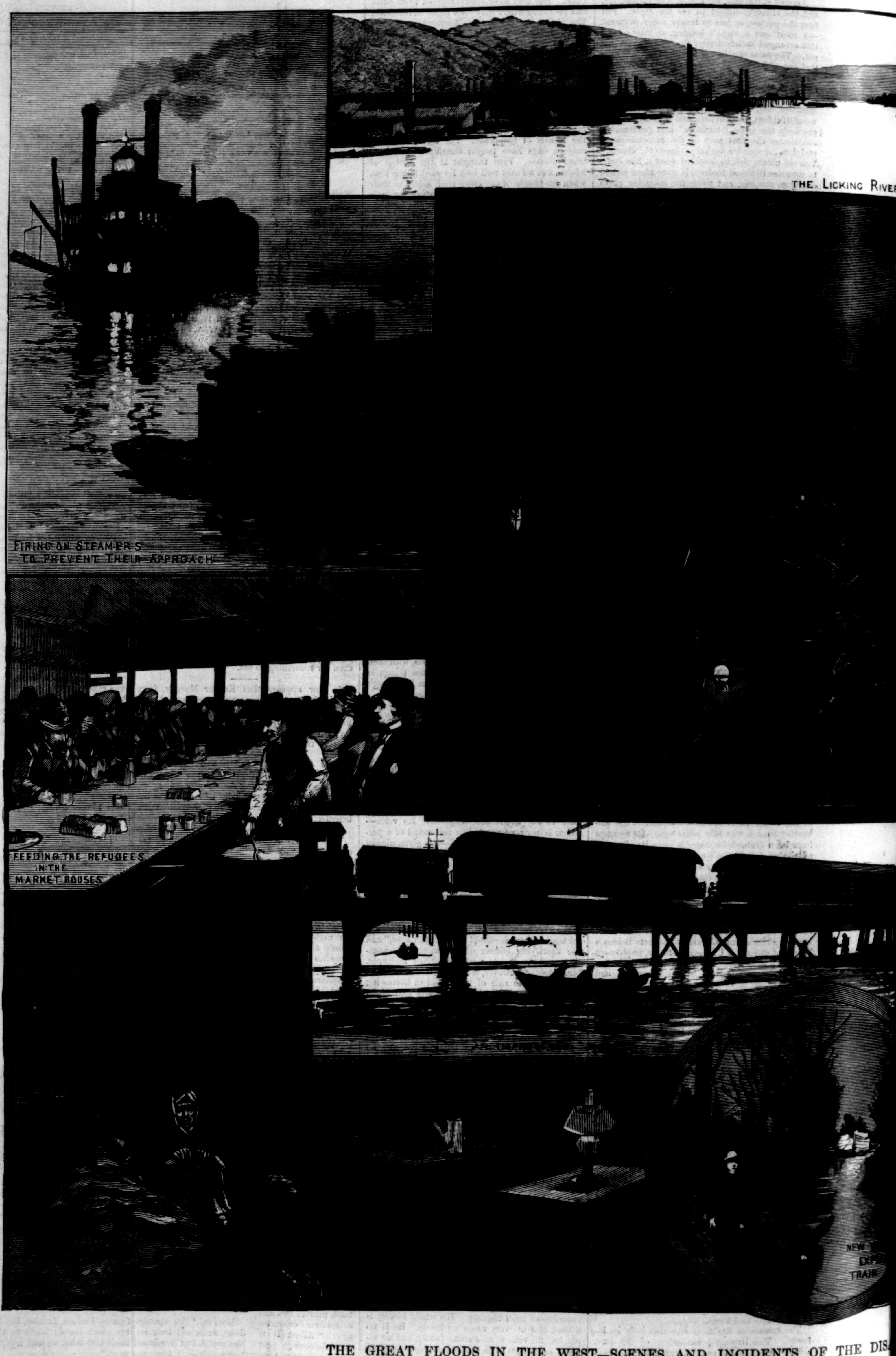
It seems that St. Valentine's Day, like most of the other marked days in the calendar, is not incapable of yielding tragedies which grow out of the manner of its observance. Two colored belles of Philadelphia received valentines of the so-called comic order, each accused the other of sending her valentine, and Louisa lodged a pistol-ball in Barbara's neck.

The spectacle of beggars on horseback is half realized in Paris, where an old man in rags, mounted on the wreck of a steed, begs for alms, and pleads his age and infirmities as an excuse for riding.

Ice-boating, a fascinating sport, and one that is rarely enjoyed because its requirements are so difficult to find, has produced two accidents lately. In Western New York an ice-yachtsman received a wound from which he bled to death within a few minutes, and on the Hudson near Sing Sing a skipper and his passenger went under the ice with their skeleton boat. They escaped with their lives, however, through the assistance of some other ice-boatmen who happened to be near.



DOCTOR. "See strange figures, curious fancies, hey? Same old trouble, John, same old trouble: too much blood; blood to the head. This time, however, it has developed itself into what we call Egypto-Soodania. A little free bleeding is what you need."



THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE WEST—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DIS

ISASTER AT CINCINNATI AND ELSEWHERE.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 139.]

MY PRETTY CANARY.

Oh, my pretty canary, oh, my golden bird,
Thine is the sweetest song ever a mortal heard;
Thrilling and trilling and filling
The room with exquisite song;
From the sunrise to the sunset,
Singing the whole day long.
Singing and singing and singing always a jubilant strain,
Pluming thy feathers and singing, eating and singing again.

If the weather be dark and rainy, if the weather be sunny and bright,
If the weather be warm or frosty, the weather is always right.
Chirping and cheeping and keeping
Thy voice in excellent tune,
As musical in December
As if December was June.
Birds of a different feather may fly far over the sea,
But winter or summer weather is "singing season" for thee.

Oh, my pretty canary, oh, by beautiful guest,
Teach me to sing, I pray thee: how shall I sing the best?—
Sing like a bird for my pleasure?
Sing full of joy like a bird?
Sing without stinting or measure,
Though the song should never be heard?
Sing from my heart and my soul, counting the singing a duty,
As flowers spring to the light, blossoming into beauty?

Other birds wander and sing; thou with thy cage art content;
Well pleased with its safety and love, well pleased with its food and extent;
Well pleased if thy song can give joy
To listeners ever the same,
And counting their chirruping word
The sweetest and dearest of fame.
And so, my pretty canary, I'll sing in my own dear home,
Safer and happier far than if I could wander and roam.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS REDWOOD.

"I got invited to Sir Jervis's house," Alban resumed, "by treating the old savage as unceremoniously as he had treated me. 'That's an idle trade of yours,' he said, looking at my sketch. 'Other ignorant people have made the same remark,' I answered. He rode away like a man who was not used to be spoken to in that manner, and then thought better of it, and came back. 'Do you understand wood-engraving?' he asked. 'Yes.' 'And etching?' 'I have practiced etching myself.' 'Are you a Royal Academician?' 'I'm a drawing master at a ladies' school.' 'Whose school?' 'Miss Ladd's.' 'Damn it, you know the girl who ought to have been my secretary.' I am not quite sure whether you will take it as a compliment—Sir Jervis appeared to view you in the light of a reference to my respectability. At any rate he went on with his questions. 'How long do you stop in these parts?' 'I haven't made up my mind.' 'Look here; I want to consult you—are you listening?' 'No; I'm sketching.' He burst into a horrid scream. I asked if he felt himself taken ill. 'Ill?' he said—'I'm laughing.' It was a diabolical laugh, in one syllable—not 'ha! ha! ha!' only 'ha!'—and it made him look wonderfully like that eminent person whom I persist in thinking he resembles. 'You're an impudent dog,' he said. 'Where are you living?' He was so delighted when he heard of my uncomfortable position in the kennel-bedroom that he offered his hospitality on the spot. 'I can't go to you in such a pig-sty as that,' he said; 'you must come to me. What's your name?' 'Alban Morris. What's yours?' 'Jervis Redwood. Pack up your traps when you've done your job, and come and try my kennel. There it is, in a corner of your drawing, and devilish like, too.' I packed up my traps, and I tried his kennel. And now you have had enough of Sir Jervis Redwood."

"Not half enough!" Emily answered. "Your story leaves off just at the interesting moment. I want you to take me into Sir Jervis's house."

"And I want you, Miss Emily, to take me into the reading-room of the Museum."

Emily's observation of him, when he alluded in this way to her new employment, did not lead her to form the same impression which had been produced on the servant. Instead of appearing to be "puzzled," his manner suggested that there was some foregone conclusion in his mind, which he was putting to the test.

"Is your reading a secret?" he asked.

"Not the least in the world! I am only reading old newspapers."

He repeated the last words to himself. "Old newspapers?" he said, as if he was not quite sure of having rightly understood her.

She tried to help him by a more definite reply. "I am looking through old newspapers," she resumed, "beginning with the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six."

"And going back from that time," he asked, eagerly, "to earlier dates still?"

"No; just the contrary; advancing from 'seventy-six to the present time."

He suddenly turned pale, and tried to hide his face from her by looking out of the window. For a moment his agitation deprived him of his presence of mind. In that moment she saw that she had alarmed him.

He was either unable or unwilling to speak again. The effect produced on Emily by the betrayal of emotion which had escaped him made her insensible to every consideration of prudence. "What have I said to frighten you?" she asked.

He tried to assume a tone of commonplace gallantry. "There are limits even to your power over me," he replied. "Whatever else you may do, you can never frighten me."

"Do you think I am the sort of person to be satisfied with such an answer as that?" she rejoined. "You might have found a better way of telling me that I have spoken indiscreetly."

"Severe—but I have deserved it," he said. "You did startle me; and I was a fool not to own it. Are you searching those old newspapers with any particular object in view?"

"Yes."

"May I know what it is?"

"May I know why I frightened you?"

He began to walk up and down the room again—then checked himself abruptly, and appealed to her mercy.

"Don't be hard on me," he pleaded. "I am so fond of you—oh, forgive me! I only mean that it distresses me to have any concealments from you. If I could open my whole heart at this moment, I should be a happier man."

She understood him and believed him. "My curiosity shall never embarrass you again," she answered, warmly. "I won't even remember that I wanted to hear how you got on in Sir Jervis's house."

His gratitude seized the opportunity of taking her harmlessly into his confidence. "As Sir Jervis's guest," he said, "my experience is at your service. Only tell me how I can interest you."

She suggested, with some hesitation, that Alban might tell her what happened at his first interview with Mrs. Rook. To her surprise and relief he at once complied with her wishes.

"We met," he said, "on the evening when I first entered the house. Sir Jervis took me into the dining-room, and there sat Miss Redwood, with a large black cat on her lap. Older than her brother, taller than her brother, leaner than her brother, with strange stony eyes, and a skin like parchment, she looked (if I may speak in contradictions) like a living corpse. I was presented, and the corpse revived. The last lingering relics of former good-breeding showed themselves faintly in her bow and in her smile. You will hear more of Miss Redwood presently. In the mean while Sir Jervis made me reward his hospitality by professional advice. He wished me to decide whether the artists whom he had employed to illustrate his wonderful book had cheated him by overcharges and bad work, and Mrs. Rook was sent to fetch the engravings from his study upstairs. You remember her petrified appearance when she first read the inscription on your locket? The same result followed when she found herself face to face with me. I saluted her civilly—she was deaf and blind to my politeness. Her master snatched the illustrations out of her hand, and told her to leave the room. She stood stock-still, staring helplessly. Sir Jervis looked round at his sister, and I followed his example. Miss Redwood was observing the housekeeper too attentively to notice anything else; her brother was obliged to speak to her. 'Try Rook with the bell,' he said. Miss Redwood took a fine old bronze hand-bell from the table at her side and rang it. At the shrill silvery sound of the bell Mrs. Rook put her hand to her head as if the ringing had hurt her, turned instantly, and left us. 'Nobody can manage Rook but my sister,' Sir Jervis explained; 'Rook is crazy.' Miss Redwood differed with him. 'No!' she said. Only one word, but there were volumes of contradiction in it. Sir Jervis looked at me slyly, meaning, perhaps, that he thought his sister crazy too. The dinner was brought in at the same moment, and my attention was diverted to Mrs. Rook's husband."

"What was he like?" Emily asked.

"I really can't tell you; he was one of those essentially commonplace persons whom one never looks at a second time. His dress was shabby, his head was bald, and his hands shook when he waited on us at table—and that is all I remember. Sir Jervis and I feasted on salt fish, mutton, and beer. Miss Redwood had cold broth, with a wine-glassful of rum poured into it by Mr. Rook. 'She's got no stomach,' her brother informed me; 'hot things come up again ten minutes after they have gone down her throat; she lives on that beastly mixture, and calls it broth-grog!' Miss Redwood sipped her elixir of life, and occasionally looked at me with an appearance of interest which I was at a loss to understand. Dinner being over, she rang her antique bell. The shabby old man-servant answered her call. 'Where's your wife?' she inquired. 'Ill, miss.' She took Mr. Rook's arm to go out, and stopped as she passed me. 'Come to my room, if you please, sir, to-morrow at two o'clock,' she said. Sir Jervis explained again: 'She's all to pieces in the morning' (he invariably called his sister 'she'), 'and gets patched up toward the middle of the day. Death has forgotten her—that's about the truth of it.' He lit his pipe, and pondered over the hieroglyphics found among the ruined cities of Yucatan; I lit my pipe, and read the only book I could find in the dining-room—a dreadful record of shipwrecks and disasters at sea. When the room was full of tobacco smoke we fell asleep in our chairs, and when we woke again we got up and went to bed. There is the true story of my first evening in Sir Jervis Redwood's house."

Emily begged him to go on. "You have interested me in Miss Redwood," she said. "You kept your appointment, of course?"

"I kept my appointment in no very pleasant humor. Encouraged by my favorable report of the illustrations which he had submitted to my judgment, Sir Jervis proposed to make me useful to him in a new capacity. 'You have nothing particular to do,' he said. 'Suppose you clean my pictures?' I gave him one of my black looks, and made no other reply. My interview with his sister tried my powers of self-command in another way. Miss Redwood declared her purpose in sending for me the moment I entered her room. Without any preliminary remarks—speaking slowly and emphatically, in a wonderfully strong voice for a woman of her age—she said: 'I have a favor to ask of you, sir. I want you to tell me what Mrs. Rook has done.' I was so staggered that I stared at her like a fool. She went on, 'I suspected Mrs. Rook, sir, of having guilty remembrances on her conscience, before she had been a week in our service.' Can you imagine my astonishment when I found that Miss Redwood's view of Mrs. Rook was my view? Finding that I still said nothing, the old lady entered into details: 'We arranged, sir' (she persisted in calling me 'sir,' with the formal politeness of the old school)—'we arranged, sir, that Mrs. Rook and her husband should occupy the bedroom next to mine, so that I might have her near me in case of my being taken ill in the night. She looked at the door between the two rooms—suspicious! She asked if there was any objection to her changing to another room—suspicious! She (or her husband) stuffed an old handkerchief into the key-hole, fearing, no doubt, that I might listen or peep—suspicious! suspicious! Pray take a seat, sir, and tell me which Mrs. Rook is guilty of—theft or murder?'"

"What a dreadful old woman!" Emily exclaimed. "How did you answer her?"

"I told her, with perfect truth, that I knew nothing of Mrs. Rook's secrets. Miss Redwood's humor took a satirical turn. 'Allow me to ask, sir, whether your eyes were shut when our housekeeper found herself unexpectedly in your presence?' I referred the old lady to her brother's opinion. 'Sir Jervis believes Mrs. Rook to be crazy,' I reminded her. 'Do you refuse to trust me, sir?' 'I have no information to give you, madam.' She waved her skinny old hand in the direction of the door. I made my bow, and retired. She called me back. 'Old women used to be prophets, sir, in the by-gone time,' she said. 'I will venture on a prediction. You will be the means of depriving us of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Rook. If you will be so good as to stay here a day or two longer, you will hear that those two people have given us notice to quit. It will be her doing, mind—he is a mere cipher. I wish you good-morning.' Will you believe me, when I tell you that the prophecy was fulfilled?"

"Do you mean that they actually left the house?"

"They would certainly have left the house," Alban answered, "if Sir Jervis had not insisted on receiving the customary month's warning. He asserted his resolution by locking up the old husband in the pantry. His sister's suspicions never entered his head; the housekeeper's conduct (he said) simply proved that she was, what he had always considered her to be, crazy. 'A capital servant, in spite of that drawback,' he remarked; 'and, you will see, I shall bring her to her senses.' The impression produced on me was naturally of a very different kind. While I was still uncertain how to entrap Mrs. Rook into confirming my suspicions, she herself had saved me the trouble. She had placed her own guilty interpretation on my appearance in the house: I had driven her away!"

Emily remained true to her resolution not to let her curiosity embarrass Alban again. But the unexpressed question was in her thoughts—"Of what guilt does he suspect Mrs. Rook? And, when he first felt his suspicions, was my father in his mind?"

Alban proceeded:

"I had only to consider next whether I could hope to make any further discoveries if I continued to be Sir Jervis's guest. The object of my journey had been gained, and I had no desire to be employed as picture-cleaner. Miss Redwood assisted me in arriving at a decision. I was sent for to speak to her again. The success of her prophecy had raised her spirits. She asked, with ironical humility, if I proposed to honor them by still remaining their guest after the disturbance that I had provoked. I answered that I proposed to leave by the first train the next morning. 'Will it be convenient for you to travel to some place at a good distance from this part of the world?' she asked. I had my own reasons for going to London, and said so. 'Will you mention that to my brother this evening, just before we sit down to dinner?' she continued. 'And will you tell him plainly that you have no intention of returning to the north? I shall make use of Mrs. Rook's arm as usual, to help me down-stairs, and I will take care that she hears what you say. Without venturing on another prophecy, I will only hint to you that I have my own idea of what will happen, and I should like you to see for yourself, sir, whether my anticipations are realized.' Need I tell you that this strange old woman proved to be right once more? Mr. Rook was released; Mrs. Rook made humble apologies, and laid the whole blame on her husband's temper; and Sir Jervis bade me remark that his method had succeeded in bringing the housekeeper to her senses. Such were the results produced by the announcement of my departure for London, purposely made in Mrs. Rook's hearing. Do you agree with me that my journey to Northumberland has not been taken in vain?"

Once more Emily felt the necessity of controlling herself.

Alban had said that he had "reasons of his own for going to London." Could she venture to ask him what those reasons were? She could only persist in restraining her curiosity, and conclude that he would have mentioned his motive if it had been (as she had at one time supposed) connected with herself. It was a wise decision. No earthly consideration would have induced Alban to answer her if she had put the question to him.

All doubt of the correctness of his own first impression was now at an end; he was convinced that Mrs. Rook had been an accomplice in the crime committed in 1877 at the village inn. His object in travelling to London was to consult the newspaper narrative of the murder. He too had been one of the readers at the Museum—had examined the back numbers of the newspaper—and had arrived at the conclusion that Emily's father had been the victim of the crime. Unless he found means to prevent it, her course of reading would take her from the year 1876 to the year 1877, and under that date she would see the fatal report heading the top of a column, and printed in conspicuous type.

In the mean while Emily had broken the silence, before it could lead to embarrassing results, by asking if Alban had seen Mrs. Rook again on the morning when he left Sir Jervis's house.

"I saw nobody," Alban replied, "but Sir Jervis himself. He still held to his idea of having his pictures cleaned for nothing. 'If you can't do it yourself,' he said, 'couldn't you teach my secretary?' He described the lady whom he has engaged in your place as 'a nasty middle-aged woman, with a perpetual cold in her head.' At the same time (he remarked) he was a friend to the women, 'because he got them cheap.' I declined to teach the unfortunate secretary the art of picture-cleaning. Finding me determined, Sir Jervis was quite ready to say good-by. But he made use of me to the last. He employed me as postman, and saved a stamp. The letter addressed to you arrived at breakfast-time. Sir Jervis said, 'You're going to London; suppose you take it with you?'"

"Did he tell you that there was a letter of his own inclosed in the envelope?"

"No. When he gave me the envelope it was already sealed."

Emily at once handed to him Sir Jervis's letter. "That will tell you who employs me at the Museum, and what my work is," she said.

He looked through the letter, and at once offered—eagerly offered—to help her.

"I have been a student in the reading-room at intervals for years past," he said. "Let me assist you and I shall have something to do in my holiday-time." He was so anxious to be of use that he interrupted her before she could thank him. "Let us take alternate years," he suggested. "Did you not tell me you were searching the newspapers published in eighteen hundred and seventy-six?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I will take the next year, you will take the year after, and so on."

"You are very kind," she answered; "but I should like to propose an improvement on your plan."

"What improvement?" he asked, rather sharply.

"If you will leave the five years from 'seventy-six to 'eighty-one entirely to me," she resumed, "and take the next five years reckoning *backward* from 'seventy-six, you will help me to better purpose. Sir Jervis expects me to look for reports of Central American explorations through the newspapers of the last forty years, and I have taken the liberty of limiting the heavy task imposed on me. When I report my progress to my employer I should like to say that I have got through ten years of the examination, instead of five. Do you see any objection to the arrangement I propose?"

He proved to be obstinate—incomprehensibly obstinate.

"Let us try my plan to begin with," he insisted. "While you are looking through 'seventy-six, let me be at work on 'seventy-seven. If you still prefer your own arrangement after that, I will follow your suggestion with pleasure. Is it agreed?"

Her acute perception—enlightened by his tone as well as by his words—detected something under the surface already.

"It isn't agreed until I understand you a little better," she quietly replied. "I fancy you have some object of your own in view."

She spoke with her usual directness of look and manner. He was evidently disconcerted. "What makes you think so?" he asked.

"My own experience of myself makes me think so," she answered. "If *I* had some object to gain, I should persist in carrying it out—like you."

"Does that mean, Miss Emily, that you refuse to give way?"

"No, Mr. Morris; I have made myself disagreeable, but I know when to stop. I trust you, and submit."

If he had been less deeply interested in the accomplishment of his merciful design, he might have viewed Emily's sudden submission with some distrust. As it was, his eagerness to prevent her from discovering the narrative of the murder hurried him into an act of indiscretion. He made an excuse to leave her immediately, in the fear that she might change her mind.

"I have inexcusably prolonged my visit," he said. "If I presume on your kindness in this way, how can I hope that you will receive me again? We meet to-morrow in the reading-room."

He hastened away, as if he was afraid to let her say a word in reply.

Emily reflected.

"Is there something he doesn't want me to see in the news of the year 'seventy-seven?" The one explanation which suggested itself to her mind assumed that form of expression. Her excitable temperament, always impatient of delay, urged her to discover the speediest means of setting even a momentary doubt at rest. She went to the Museum the next morning resolved to search the very volume which it had been Alban's special anxiety to prevent her from examining.

For two days they pursued their task together,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

seated at opposite desks. On the third day Emily was absent.

Was she ill?

She was at a library in the City, consulting the file of the *Times* for the year 1877.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH.

Two flowers out of one stem do grow,
Two flowers, both wholly sweet;
The rain may fall, the winds may blow,
They sigh, and sway, and meet.
Ah! Love's flower is most sweet.

March winds blow east and they blow west,
March winds they toss and chafe;
But close against my beating breast
Love's lily-flower grows safe—
Love's lily-flower grows safe.

The drifting clouds of March hang low,
The clouds hang low and sad;
Love's flower has constant sunshine, so
It's March is always glad:
Love's flower is always glad.

Blow, stormy March, blow hot or cold,
Blow from the east or west,
In storms Love's wings the closer fold
To hide within my breast.
Ah! Love in storms is best.

If Love with sunshine go away
Or for his freedom sigh,
What, then, poor heart? Ah, well-a-day!
My lily-flower must die:
My Love, my Life must die.

FLOODS AND FORESTS.

It is not a matter of theory, but of demonstrated fact, that forests are the conservators of the water supply, acting, in effect, as does the bulk-head of a dam. In truth, however, the forests are more than bulk-heads; they are a whole board of public works acting to provide for the storage, maintenance, and proper distribution of an adequate supply of water for the entire surface of the earth. Agriculture, commerce, and health wait on the preservation of the forests; famine, pestilence, flood, and drought wait on their destruction.

All of this has been demonstrated in the Old World, which, having spent centuries in the destruction of its forests, is now anxiously guarding what remains, and vigorously replacing a portion of what has been taken away. In Germany, it is not too much to say, every individual tree has an official existence. Wood necessary for fuel or building purposes is supplied in abundance, but not until provision for an equal supply has been made by planting on reserve ground a number of trees, at the least equal in number to those cut down. By this judicious management several desirable results are brought about. The wood supply of Germany is greater than for centuries past, forest acreage is greater, available tillable land is constantly increasing in both value and quantity, floods in spring and droughts in summer are of marked infrequency, and climate is more stable and salubrious.

In France, where the rivers Rhone, Saône, and Durance, particularly the latter, had annually for nearly two centuries caused great destruction by flood, an experiment was tried. It was asserted that the cutting away of the forests had not only caused floods, but what was even worse, had resulted in the carrying away of the rich surface soil of the hill-sides, thus giving over to starvation thousands of farmers, who could not coax crops from land once fruitful. In the Haute and Basse Alps, where the Durance and its main tributaries rise, the most wanton destruction of forests had taken place. The Durance, a sickly stream in summer, was a fearful, roaring torrent in spring. Farming land all about it was of little value. In 1860 the first steps were taken; the mountains were generously replanted with trees. In 1875 the disastrous floods in the south of France occurred. Theretofore the Durance had been the most dangerous of the tributaries of the Rhone; that year it flowed placidly on its way. It had already become a river in summer, and was no longer a torrent in the spring. The experiment was successful.

Two states of Europe are belated in the matter of forest preservation, and the results are plainly to be seen. In Russia, selecting one example, the Volga is so scantily supplied with water as to have decreased alarmingly in volume. The Caspian Sea has, in consequence, had its level materially decreased. The Russian government is doing something, but not much, to preserve its forests, which are proportionately more necessary to Russia than to any other country of Europe. Spain is even more derelict than Russia, and one writer on the subject does not hesitate to say that Spain's sad political condition is due to her neglect of her forests.

In the face of this and a vast deal more testimony the destruction of forests goes on unabated in this country. The Hudson feels it, the Delaware feels it, the Ohio feels it, and the Mississippi, the Missouri, and what river does not feel it?

But even if the necessity for the preservation of forests were purely theoretical, it is so logical a theory that it ought to be given a trial. Rain falling on a forest trickles by way of leaves, twigs, branches, and trunks down into the soil among the roots, and finds its way to the natural underground reservoirs which supply the springs, which in their turn supply the little streams. Rain falling on the bare side of a hill flows immediately off, and as it increases as it goes, finally is strong enough to carry away some of the rich surface soil. Thus the spring or winter floods carry off the water intended to be stored for the summer's use. Then, again, rain always falls more frequently over forests than over uncovered land, partly because the greater coolness of the forest tends to the condensation of passing clouds, and partly because the already charged clouds are attracted by the lofty trees. When rain has fallen on a forest, from one-half to one-third of the water is held by the leaves, and is given off again by evaporation, thus producing clouds which will soon give up the moisture again. At the same time, the water which reaches the earth is not retaken by the heat, but sinks into the ground. Finally, temperature is more equable in the forest than in the open, and consequently tracts of forest land exercise a tranquillizing influence to a great distance about them.

Another and sufficient reason for the preservation and regulation of forests is found in the fact that the wood supply of a country depends thereupon. By a proper system of replanting, the details of which several European states have carefully worked out, a plentiful supply of wood is compatible with forest preservation. Here is a sort of protection—self-protection—which the governing power of a nation may well interest itself in.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FILTERS

Filters are essentially of two kinds. In one, the process is mechanical, as in forcing a fluid through sand or sawdust in order to fit it for manufacturing processes, as water for steam-boilers, or in rendering the wort for beer limpid.

The other is both a mechanical and a chemical process; it is what is necessary, but what is seldom properly accomplished, in a filter which professes to give us pure drinking-water. It is with this combined filtration and aeration of water for potable uses that we are concerned.

For purifying water on a large scale very expensive apparatus has been employed, especially in France. In one case, described in Dupasquier's elaborate work, an apparatus costing a million dollars was made to yield seventy thousand gallons of filtered Seine water daily. This, of course, was but a drop in the bucket toward the needs of Paris. Filtration on the large scale has in fact proved, thus far, too costly a process for the water supply of cities. Much is promised, indeed, by the new filter, an American invention, of which the essential principle is the frequent removal of the top of the filtering layer, and its consequent cleansing from impurities as fast as they are deposited from the water.

With filters on the small scale we may all be more or less concerned. For these sand and gravel are the best materials. Why are they the best? To answer this question let us consider a moment what filtration is, in what its purifying virtues consist.

In the first place, filtration involves *straining*, the mechanical detention and separation of such particles as can not pass through the interstices of the filter. This is what the apothecary does when he passes a solution through a filtering paper.

But this straining is not the whole of the filtration which we are considering. The really purifying filtration of water means much more than straining. It means the minute subdivision of the water, in the form of a thin film, and its exposure, in this finely divided state, to the oxygen of the air that is entangled in the minute interstices of the filter; the consequent oxygenating of the organic impurities that the water contains; and their transformation from noxious organic substances into harmless inorganic substances. This is oxidizing filtration; it is, in fact, a burning up of the impurities in solution. But the burning is done in water instead of in fire, and slowly instead of swiftly. And this oxidizing or aerating filtration can never be done rapidly.

We can now see why sand, because it divides the contained water so minutely, is a good substance for a filter. A cubic yard of sand contains a certain number of particles of a given fineness; the area of the surfaces of these particles amounts to about twenty-five hundred square yards. Suppose that this cube of twenty-seven square feet can hold one-half its bulk in water; this would require each cubic foot of water to be diffused over a surface of about seventeen hundred square feet, making a film of but $\frac{1}{140}$ of an inch in thickness. In this way the water is oxygenated, and this alone is true chemical filtration.

How shall we construct our filters for domestic use? On the larger scale, as for imperfectly purified tank water, begin the filtering bed with layers of gravel, each six inches thick. The gravel of the bottom layer should be the size of walnuts; of the next, the size of beans; the third, of pease; the fourth, of buckshot; top off with a layer of sand six inches deep. The sand should be changed frequently, as it soon becomes foul with the residual matter, and the whole bed remade every year or two, according to the amount of the service it is made to perform.

Now as to filters for domestic use, most of those offered are frauds; either they are mere strainers, and not filters at all in the sense explained, or they are otherwise so badly constructed as to be worthless. Agents carry around these wretched contrivances. They screw them to the faucets in the kitchen, and the water flows through them as fast as it enters. This delights the innocent housekeeper, and she pays an exorbitant price for the thing because it "filters" so rapidly. The fact is that it does not filter at all; it does nothing more than strain the water. The *rapid* filtration of drinking-water is an impossibility, as I have shown.

More than this, most of these machines can not even be opened and cleaned—the very first requisite of a rational filter.

I once saw the young mistress of a house confronted by one of these voluble agents. He had a spherical copper globe, four inches in diameter, which he called a filter. He screwed it to the faucet; he turned on the Croton water; it passed through in a full stream, like his own conversation. It was impossible to open, examine, or clean this mysterious hollow sphere, in which were inclosed, he said, powdered quartz, fine charcoal, and other filtering substances of great virtue. Any one who had any knowledge of the subject could see that the filter was useless. But the agent was voluble and eloquent; the foul Croton water poured through the hollow ball, and came out a little cleaner—just as much cleaner as it would be made by straining it through a linen towel. The filter was bought, in spite of marital remonstrances, at a price perhaps four times the cost of manufacture, and it was triumphantly affixed to the faucet by the mistress of the house. The natural consequences followed. The closed cavity of the ball retained the grosser impurities of the water. Such filtering substances as were sealed up in it soon lost their little power to purify, and began to putrefy instead. In a fortnight worms and maggots were crawling out of that inexpressible filter. The thing was hastily retired from service from that day forward, and the young wife, presumably wiser than she was, has never since that day even mentioned the subject of the favorite filter.

The practical points are: to use no filter of which every nook and corner is not easily accessible; to avoid filters in which substances that readily breed animal life are used; and never even to look at any filter, like the one just described, which lets the water run through in a full stream. So much in the way of caution. Here are some positive points. Silicated carbon is a substance which will not breed animal life in a filter; spongy iron is another; and the so-called *carbon block* filter is a good one, as far as this point is concerned.

But better than the toy filters which are generally offered to us is the simple and effective contrivance which is frequently used in France. It is constructed as follows: A two-gallon stone jar, rather tall and narrow, makes the best container. A keg of about equal size will answer as well, if it is kept constantly in use, so that the taste of the wood shall not get into the water. Put in a tin stop-cock within an inch of the bottom, and a little above this an earthenware plate pierced with small holes like a sieve. The conical shape of the jar or barrel will keep this in place if it is properly fitted. Upon this the filtering substances are laid. First, clean, dry, coarse sand, or clean, dry, small flint pebbles, to the depth of one inch; then a layer of sand of medium fineness an inch and a half thick; then a half-inch layer of charcoal, broken up into small lumps; and then an inch layer of fine sand. The whole will settle together into a layer some three inches thick. Top off with pebbles as large as an egg, to prevent the water, when poured in, from displacing the filtering substances below. The whole apparatus should be snugly covered; and two or three times a year the charcoal should be changed, and the sand and pebbles thoroughly washed and dried in the sunlight. This apparatus will supply a household of ten or a dozen people with all the pure water they need; it is a practical contrivance worthy of the excellent housekeepers who use it, and it is one that can be made to order without much difficulty. As to the American full-stream filters, like that of our young housekeeper already described, it might do for a shot sieve, or a hatchway grating, or a coal screen, or a five-barred gate; but it will not give you pure water for drinking.

Titus Munson Coan.

TWIRLING PLANTS.

Cabbages are not the silly things that most people suppose them to be. At any rate Dr. Darwin, in his work on plants, puts us on our guard against the risks we run by supercilious depreciation of even our humblest vegetables. The trodden worm, we all know, will turn, though it does not gain much good by doing so; and the long-suffering cabbage and the half-hearted parsnip may some day, when we are least expecting it, join the headstrong onion and furious horse-radish in a general assault upon the human race. The horrors of a vegetable revolt can hardly be overestimated. A cart-load of determined carrots would be a serious assailant, and the police would have a troublesome task of it to rescue a by-stander if he were beset by a barrowful of mangel-wurzels.

Nor is such a catastrophe as an insurrection in our nursery-gardens beyond the possibilities of botanical science, for if Dr. Darwin is correct—and he is seldom wrong—there is no knowing what plants may do in time.

We know already that vegetables are by no means the "inanimate" things we have hitherto thought them, and that they indulge in a great variety of movements which are regulated, not by any blind laws, but by the impulse or sensation of the moment. If the sun be let in suddenly upon their roots, they shrink away from it; if they are tickled with a feather, they giggle; if touched with caustic, they jerk from side to side. Take the liberty of handling some of their leaves, and they at once shut up; irritate others, and they become greatly excited. All these movements, we are told, are modifications of the great principle of "circular nutation," and further modifications may be gradually acquired by natural selection. This "circular nutation" is a capacity for spiral motion, which it has been discovered all parts of plants possess, and which they are perpetually exercising, from the sprouting of the seed to the maturity of the tree; and circumstances might therefore easily occur to aggravate this normal revolving movement. Turnips, for instance, might suddenly take to whirling themselves round and round, so that it would be impossible to grow them on sloping ground, as their violent revolutions would soon twist them out of the earth, and the whole fieldful of roots would come rolling down-hill together, or an avenue of trees might nutate so outrageously that it would be dangerous to pass under them while their roots, all working together like so many infuriated corkscrews underground, would keep our roadways in perpetual commotion.

Even as it is, the amount of vegetable movement which is constantly going on around us is almost too prodigious for complacent contemplation. No sooner does the seed sprout than the little radicle, or rootlet, begins to twist itself round and round, making an animated gimlet of itself to bore a hole in the earth. Having pierced the surface, it still continues to work its way down in ovals, gradually getting deeper and thicker and stronger. Long before this the stem also has sprouted from the seed, and it too has begun to gyrate, working its way up into the air by a series of ellipses, jerk by jerk, and every leaf it throws out, and each part of every leaf as it appears, commences at once in the same way to rotate. As a matter of fact, therefore, the earth on all sides of us is filled with roots that are continually screwing themselves through the soil, while all the branches overhead, and all the twigs upon the branches, and all the leaves upon the twigs are forever describing little circles as they grow. Why they do it no one knows, not even Dr. Darwin; but he describes the process of movement as being caused by the unequal expansion of the cells on the one side of the part affected or the other, causing "a minute earthquake" in the plant.

In climbing plants it manifestly helps the creeping parts immensely, while in others it gives every side of the leaf a fair share of all the different conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. That the roots benefit by this spiral method of progression it is hardly necessary to say, or else we might wonder at carpenters for using a gimlet or at ourselves for buying corkscrews. But there is another side to this habit of plants, and that is the relation which "circular" mutation bears to the voluntary movements of animals. When light strikes the side of a plant, or light changes into darkness, or when gravitation acts on a displaced part, the plant is at once enabled to move either to or from the exciting cause, just as suits its welfare best; and when night comes on, the vegetables go to sleep.

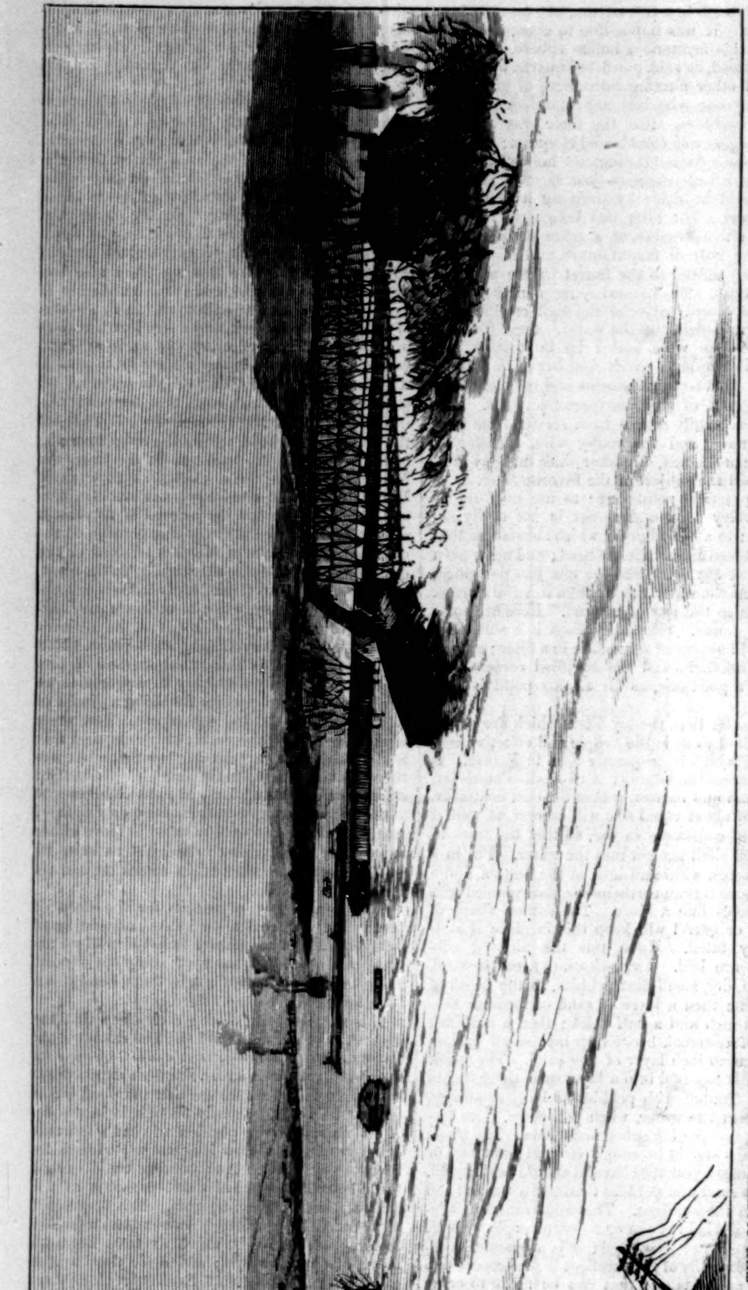
This is no figure of speech, for the sleep of plants is a very real thing indeed, amounting in many cases to a temporary suspension of all activity and the enjoyment of complete repose. They tuck their leaves round them, bend down their heads, and go fast asleep.

It is not, however, during their sleep that the vegetables of our fields and gardens resemble the lower orders of animals most closely, but during their waking hours, and Dr. Darwin's experiments have gone far to assure me that the plant has a brain. Its brain, curiously enough, is in the tip of its root; but the position of that important organ matters little so long as it performs its functions properly. And nothing could exceed the admirable punctuality and precision of the brain-tip in the roots of plants. If it be pressed or wounded, it immediately transmits an influence to the parts above it, which at once begin to move this way or that; and more than this, it can distinguish between a hard substance pressing it on one side and a softer one on the other, for it immediately warns the rest of the root to keep to the softer side.

The whole prosperity of the plant, in fact, depends upon the sagacity and vigilance of the brave little pioneer tip, and all the larger portions obey with punctual exactness the directions telegraphed to them from this extremity. It pushes its way, corkscrewing as it goes through the soil, and keeps on calling out, as it were, to the rest of the root to tell it which way to turn for most moisture, and which way for most light. "Look out," it cries, "for a big stone on the left," and the root looks out accordingly; or again the dismal news comes up the trembling radicle that a slug is eating the tip off, and the plant at once sends down another brain-feeler to replace the leader that is being consumed. What serious difference is there in this behavior to that of the lower animals, the curious creatures of sea life, which are hardly one thing or the other, and where are we to draw the line of vegetable possibilities? Already we have carnivorous plants, which content themselves with insects; but suppose the taste spreads, and the man-eating trees are developed "by natural selection"?

It would be dangerous then to walk alone in a shrubbery of robust plants, and he would be a very bold man indeed who ventured without weapons into Epping Forest. We have all heard children speak of the trees which seemed to them, especially in the night, to wave their arms about in a threatening manner in front of the house, and to look mockingly at them through upper-story windows; but if the worst that is now threatened really befalls, we shall have to keep our windows strongly barred to prevent the poplars from coming into the nursery, and lock the garden gate at night to stop the ravening laurels from getting out into the streets.

With the same amount of intelligence that the root tip now possesses diffused in an equal or it may be in a greater degree over the whole plant, we shall require no microscope and none of the smoked glass diagrams which Dr. Darwin employed to observe and record their motions; for the botanical world will be in constant and manifest tumult, our gooseberry bushes struggling with each other, and our cabbages at open fisticuffs; a horsewhip or a bludgeon will be among the gardener's ordinary tools, and little children will never be allowed to go near any of the unchained plants. The intelligent turnip, when it sees the cook coming, will pull itself out of the ground and bolt off the premises, and carrots will require as much catching as larks.



WRECK OF BRIDGES AT THE MOUTH OF BEAVER RIVER.—From a Sketch by E. Batt.

THE WRECKAGE AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by J. A. Faris.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.—[See Page 139.]

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 139.]

RUSSIAN GYPSIES.

Some of the gypsy women whom we saw in Moscow were evidently Russian, with more Slav than Zurgane blood in their veins, while some are dark as Abyssinians, while all indulge freely in chains and jewelry, with bunches and sprays of roses and camellias, like their sisters in Spain, behind the right ear. Two men led with guitars, and the tambourine was also used. Some of their songs in gypsy language recalled, and were even identically, the Gitana songs of Seville or the Havana; some were in Russian words, but with a character quite their own. One handsome woman, with black wavy hair parted slightly on one side, flashing eyes, and glistening white teeth, no longer young, but attractive in her intensity of sentiment and expression, sings to her guitar in a tenor voice, the lower notes of which are replete with the saddest memories. As she sighs out her love grief for one who never came, though she waited in the pitiless storm to meet him, she reminds me irresistibly of Desclée and Pasca. This is no feigning; this is no paid musician. Here is a genius breaking her heart, and sobbing out her swan-song oblivious of the mute crowd of men, whose scoffs and satire are silent in their absorbed admiration of her adorable art. Flowers are torn out of button-holes, bonbons are seized from the table, and cast at her feet, while she stands up dignified to acknowledge with a majestic bow the ovation proffered.

Our host most judiciously clashes on the strained nerves by calling upon Olga for a dance. Olga—whose eyes, and lithe figure dressed in a blue clinging silk, are all she has of beauty, for her mouth is too large, and her nose too long—pretends to be shy. She can not dance. However, no refusal is accepted, and guitars and voices break out in a gypsy breakdown. Olga, spreading out her arms and fingers like a nautch-girl, floats round the limited space assigned to her with a little scream, and her eyes turned up in ecstasy, and gradually works herself up, until, from her head downward, she is in motion. Her comrades urge her on, her audience applauds, till, with a muscular flutter which approaches tetanus, her shoulders and arms are quivering with spasmodic excitement. Short sharp cries, in harmony with the rapid music, issue from her lips; her face lights up with ecstatic joy. Suddenly she breaks off, the music ceases, and Olga reseats herself as if she had done nothing more laborious than take a cup of tea, or ask for the glass of champagne which our host pours out for her. Another girl dashed into the circle, and emulated the first in breakdown steps and rolling of the eyes; but her power of muscular quiverings was nothing like that displayed by the phenomenal Olga, who accordingly retained the honors of the evening. A beautiful duet followed this, sung by Desclée-Pasca with responsive murmurs from a fair-haired Russian girl; and we could have listened to more and more, as the mournful beauty of the strain had an indescribable attraction, but had not mine host, certain we must have had enough of these *Bohimiennes*, driven us all off to a ball-room glittering with chandeliers and mirrors, in which a gorgeous supper table covered with silver and flowers awaited us, while the most luxurious *sakuska* tempted appetite upon the sideboard.

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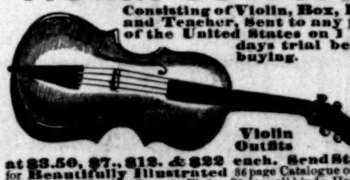

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